

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

SEPT. 1949

15¢

STARTING IN THIS ISSUE

I SAW THE GI BILL WRITTEN

BY DAVE CAMELON... PAGE 11

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR '49

BY ED FITZGERALD... PAGE 18





"I was curious..."



"I tasted it..."



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"



Under the Big Top



Emmett Kelly, the famous clown, and a youthful admirer at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Madison Square Garden.



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The idea spread and all the girls began chipping in. Soon there was money enough to take not just three or four but 138!

It was a wondrous day and when it was over it was difficult to say who was happier—the young sleepyheads going home on the buses or those who made it all possible.

We mention this because it tells a great deal about the kind of people in the telephone business. They try to be good neighbors and good citizens, as well as good telephone people.

The very nature of telephone work brings them close to the lives and the problems and the emergencies of many people. Their spirit of helpfulness and service extends to many activities beyond the job.

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Vol. 47
No. 3 THE AMERICAN

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LEGION MAGAZINE

September, 1949

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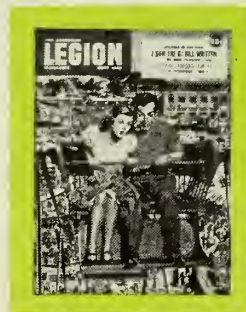
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Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address, using notice form 225 which you will secure from your Postmaster. Be sure to cut off the address label on your magazine and paste it in the space provided. Always give your 1949 membership card number and both your new and your old address.



September is the month for state and county fairs all over America, and Cover Artist Wally Richards has caught the feel of the operations afloat and on the midway in his design. The annual Kansas State Fair at Topeka was the model for the drawing, but fairgoers will recognize the layout as typical of what goes on during Fair Week everywhere.

PICTURE CREDITS: Acme, INS, 16; INS, Wide World, 18; Sid Latham, Sunny Gottlieb, 22; Tom Carew, 24.

for **DISTINGUISHED SERVICE**

Your retiring officers have faithfully served during the past year. Anyone of these past officers' insignia would eloquently bespeak the gratitude of your Post.

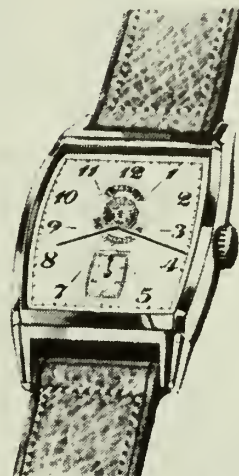
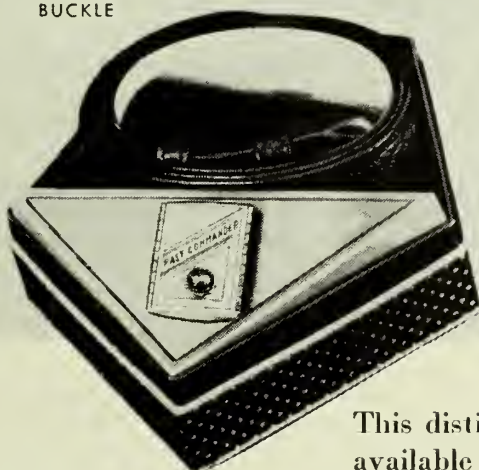


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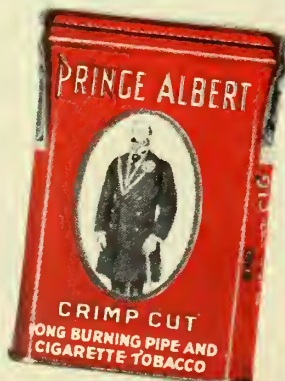
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A sampling of products which are in process of development or are coming on the market

CAR CONTROLS FOR PARAPLEGICS. Robert G. Steward, himself a paraplegic, has invented and is manufacturing a set of mechanical hand controls for others who are disabled and wish to drive an automobile. These can be attached to any make of car, installation can be on either the right- or left-hand side of the steering wheel, and they are operated with only one hand. The accelerator is worked with a cable, like a motorcycle hand brake. The dimmer switch is built into the control and works with a flick of the thumb. The brake mechanism is so built that the lightest pressure applies the brakes. There is only one arm attached to the steering column, and the entire mechanism is built inside of one control. A set of controls sells for \$65 with complete instructions for installing, and can be obtained from Mr. Steward, 18201 Van Owen St., Reseda, Cal., who will also answer inquiries about his device.



ELECTRIC BROOM. A new kind of carpet sweeper in which an electrically driven broom whisks back and forth 3500 times a minute to clean rugs is being introduced by the Davis Manufacturing Co., Plano, Ill. Not a vacuum cleaner, the Electro-Sweep, as it is called, is said by the manufacturer to create a strong sucking and pumping action by the brush movement. Another unusual feature is that it does not have a roller brush but one which resembles a broom. In appearance, the sweeper resembles an upright vacuum cleaner without the customary bag. The price, \$19.95.

SOMETHING OLD AND SOMETHING NEW. An ornamental device for air refreshing is the Freshaire Lamp being manufactured by Metro Specialties Co., 363 Broadway, New York. Made in the shape of an old-fashioned wick lamp in miniature, it carries the deodorizing fluid in the base and it can be regulated by raising or lowering the wick. The fluid is non-inflammable and has a mild aroma, and is said to last from 10 months to a year without refilling. The complete unit including fluid sells for \$1.98 postpaid.

SILENT NIGHTS. For those who give out with sound effects while asleep a new device is going on the market which is said to end the annoyance for good within a month. Called No-Snore, it fits the mouth, resting between the lips and teeth, and it opens when the wearer opens his mouth. Its purpose is to end snoring by encouraging proper breathing. Made by the No-Snore Co., 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago 5, it retails for \$2.



TWO-WAY FAUCET. Now you can make any faucet do double duty by means of a clever device called the Founncet. This is a simple metal attachment which is pushed onto the faucet, permitting it to deliver a stream of water upward for drinking, or down. A rubber coupling allows it to fit any size faucet, and a lever on the side makes the change from a drinking fountain to conventional down-flow. Made by Handy Ann Products, 104 N. First St., Minneapolis, the Founncet sells for \$2 postpaid.

GET THE HOOK. An extremely simple and versatile device for carrying clothes is the Handi-Hook being introduced by the Gayelon Co., 2848 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 6. Designed so it can be used at home or in an automobile, it consists of two removable back plates—one for home use, the other for the car—together with a hook which holds three coat hangers. It can be attached as a permanent fixture or quickly detached, and can be employed in either a vertical or horizontal position. Made of light-weight cadmium-plated metal, the Handi-Hook retails for a dollar.

EASY AS PIE. You'd better start ducking, because now your wife can throw away her rolling pin. Coming on the market to supplant this traditional symbol of baking (and authority) is a new kind of dough roller that operates somewhat like a small tractor. Made of Bakelite, it consists of a circular frame, seven inches in diameter, in which are set eight parallel rollers. The housewife, grasping the roller's plastic handle, can spread a lump of dough to perfect pie crust proportions in a matter of seconds. The price of the plastic rolling pin is \$1.69 and the manufacturer is Magnus Harmonica Corp., 439 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.



WATER INJECTION SYSTEM FOR YOUR CAR. A device whereby water vapor can be used in automobile engines, as it was used in aircraft during World War II, has been announced by the Commonwealth Carburetor Corp., 1940 Addison St., Berkeley, Cal. Called the Octagane Water Injector, it feeds water from a tank into the carburetor, maintaining the correct water-airfuel mixture by means of the Venturi principle. Operation is automatic and the water vapor is always in the correct ratio for maximum efficiency under any power load or at any engine speed. The manufacturer claims that the device gives an increase in speed, power and mileage using low grade fuels. The Octagane sells for less than \$25, and is described by the maker as simply and easily installed in cars, trucks, tractors, and other automotive or marine equipment.



600 Coal St., Colchester, Ill.

PORTABLE TRANSPORTATION. If you get tired riding you can now walk and carry your vehicle, thanks to Legionnaire K. T. King who is marketing a small, collapsible motor scooter which weighs only 40 pounds. Called the Scooter Cub, the tiny vehicle folds into a small unit 14 by 18½ by 23½ inches so it can be fitted into the luggage compartment of a small plane or car. It is powered by a lightweight, high speed motor, has an automatic clutch and ball bearing wheels. It carries an adult at 20 m.p.h., and travels 100 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Retailing for \$149.50, the Cub is being offered by the Argyle Manufacturing Co.,

INFANTS WEAR. To keep babies comfortable and free from chafing and rash caused by wet clothes, bedding, etc., a new kind of diaper called Dri-Diap is being introduced by Diapette, Inc., 12720 Lake Shore Blvd., Cleveland. This consists of two elements. One is the diaper garment proper, which sells for a dollar, and the other a disposable insert pad of highly absorbent material. The pads will retail for five cents apiece. The garment is of the pin-on type made for comfort, easy washing and rapid drying, and it contains a moisture-proof vinyl plastic envelope which holds the pads.

14-CYLINDER ICE TRAY. An ice tray which makes cylinders instead of cubes is being offered by Ivan Scott Bailey, 7 Cornish Road, Binghamton, N. Y. Designed primarily to make pop-sticks of fruit juices, chocolate milk, etc., for children, it can also be used to make ices for fancy salads and desserts. Another advantage of the ice cylinders is that they can be readily inserted in thermos bottles and ice bags. The cylinders, two inches long and an inch in diameter, can be readily removed from the unit, which fits the tray compartment of an electric refrigerator. Dimensions of the Cyl-Tray are 11 by 3½ by 2 inches. Retail price is \$2.50, and Cyl-Sticks to make pop-sticks are available at 100 for 50¢.

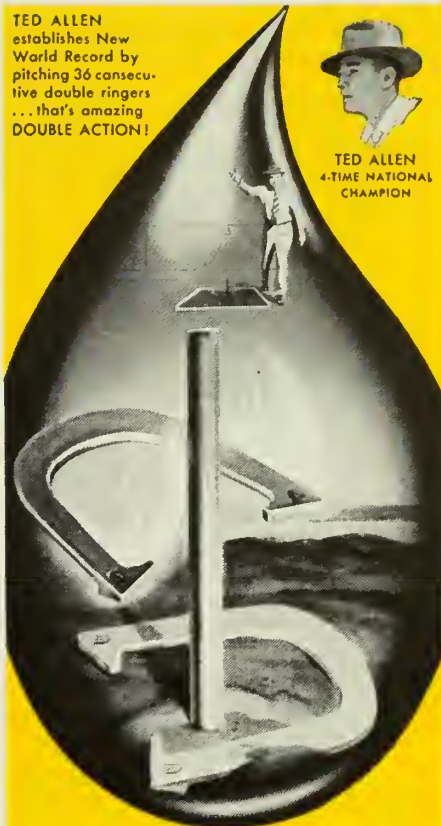


WATER-POWERED DISHWASHER. A portable dishwasher which requires no electricity and which is said to wash dishes in four or five minutes, using no more hot water than old-fashioned hand cleaning requires, is being marketed by the Cameron Corporation, 2066 E. 70th St., Cleveland. The unit is powered entirely by water pressure through a snap-on hose connected to any faucet. Called the Cameron Portable Dishwasher, it contains a "Stack-Easy" basket which is rotated by four jets of water, and the dishes are washed by water pressure and soaking action. They dry by themselves after their hot bath. Weight of the machine is 13½ pounds, it is made of rustproof metals with enamel outside, and has a transparent pyrex cover. Retail price is \$49.95.

TO PREVENT TUMBLING. Window guards, made especially for standard steel casement windows from 34½ to 36½ inches wide, are now on the market, made by Gard-Rite, Inc., 37 Walker St., New York City. Designed to keep children or anyone else from falling out of windows, the unit consists of two side supports which fit into place at the sides of the window, together with four bars which are inserted into properly spaced sleeves. The bars are made secure by the expansion action produced by a nut threaded on one end of each bar, and they are permanently held in place by a set screw. All parts are made of cold-rolled steel, heavily nickel plated to resist rust. They cost \$4.95 postpaid.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine

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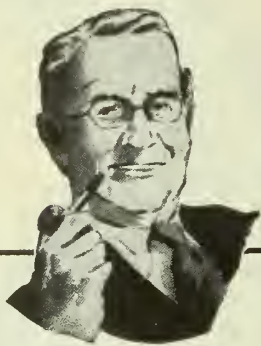
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From where I sit *by Joe Marsh*

Watch Out For The Symptoms!

Laughed right out loud when I heard Hoot Davis had come down with Chicken Pox. A man of forty-five catching a kid's disease!

I went to see him, armed with jokes about "second childhood" but forgot them fast when I got there. Hoot looked awful and had quite a fever.

While we talked, I thought of how Chicken Pox is a lot like other "diseases"—diseases of the character, such as intolerance, self-righteousness or just plain ignorance. They're excusable in children, but when they come out in adults they're ten times as bad—and can be mighty "contagious."

From where I sit, we should all watch out for the "symptoms"—little things like criticising a person's preference for a friendly glass of temperate beer or ale. We've seen freedom wither away in other countries, when individual intolerance was allowed to get out of hand and become a nationwide epidemic.

Joe Marsh



ATTICS, BURGLARS AND FOOTBALL

Fortunately, by December you will have forgotten this issue, so you won't remember to write us a hot letter asking whatever became of our All American team. You see, as a time saver, we're listing this year's All America eleven in advance, and while we're at it we're picking all the sectional college champions. No sense playing any of the games now, for the results are all there in *Football Forecast for '49*, on page 18. Don't hang the board of experts. They sent author Ed Fitzgerald the best information available and Ed climbed out on a limb with us by putting it all together to spell c-r-y-s-t-a-l b-a-l-l. Ya wanna argue?

A few months ago we ran a piece telling how to beautify a cheese-box house, and were gratified to learn from many readers that they were putting the ideas into practice. Well, here we are again, this time with some suggestions for making America's thousands of expansion attics habitable. If you have one of those unfinished second-floors (or even a real attic) take a peek at *Two More Rooms for Less Than \$600*, page 24.

And if you are a home owner, or just learning how to be a burglar, we recommend Donald Robinson's *How To Welcome Burglars to Your House* on page 22.

HOW COME THE GI BILL?

It is a long time since we've run a serial on these pages, but our opening article is the first of a three-part account—I *Saw the GI Bill Written*, by David Camelon. Mr. Camelon, as a Washington reporter who personally covered the passage of the GI Bill, describes the full political battle—from long before the beginning to the last thrilling climax. His story may be the first published account of what it takes behind the scenes to enact a piece of important legislation in the Congress of the United States. You will note that the story is not only for lawyers and legislators, but for just plain readers, too. In Camelon's account you will find a thrilling, heartwarming, courageous tale—full of heroes and villains and tragic victims, with a measure of conspiracy, pride and self denial which puts fiction to shame. The climax (coming in November) beats Paul Revere's ride.

The GI Bill was a tremendous achievement. What would have happened *without* it nobody knows, and we can only guess from the history of apple-peddling heroes after War One, who might have been multiplied by four or six this time. *With* the GI Bill, starting in the summer of 1945 close to fourteen million men and women were reabsorbed into the economy of this nation in a matter of a few months. Yet the most concerted kind of action by more than a million of its cham-

pions was required to create the Bill as law, and at that it was a rough battle.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

The only man who witnessed both the three-day trial of Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary and the marathon trial of eleven American communist leaders in Judge Medina's New York court is Gabriel Stanley Pressman. In *They Howl For Justice*, page 16, he presents the serious comedy of a comparison of justice on each side of the Iron Curtain. Read it and see how unwittingly our little red brothers have energetically demonstrated that the highest order of democracy the world has ever seen is right here at home. If Abbott & Costello teamed with Lewis Carroll and Groucho Marx it is doubtful they could come up with anything so incongruous as the communist idea of justice, and we are waiting for the day when both the defense and the prosecution in some illustrious trial are heavily backed by Marxists. It'll be the darnedest thing you ever saw. Unfortunately, while communist logic is funny, there is nothing funny about being funny with justice or human liberties.

You might be interested to know that author Pressman, a 25-year-old traveling Pulitzer scholarship holder, was one of two Americans who saw the Mindszenty trial, and he got inside the courtroom because of a comic error. Having written some news reports which didn't please the reds while he was in Germany, Pressman was placed on an Iron Curtain blacklist. But when Gabriel Stanley Pressman applied for a visa to Hungary, never believing he would get it, somebody wired permission to issue a visa to "Gabriel Stanley, American pressman."

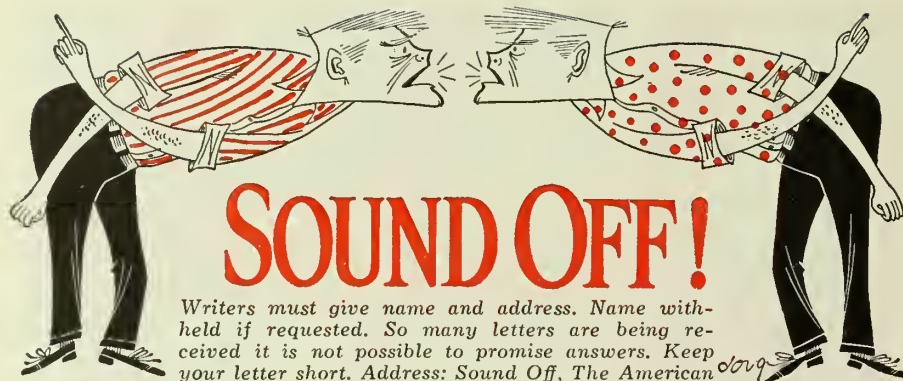
Arriving in Budapest just as an excuse was found to refuse a *New York Times* reporter a visa to cover the Mindszenty trial, Pressman said he'd cover the story for the *Times*. They wouldn't let him in the first day because "there was no room." Pressman's story to the *Times* that there was "no room" although photos showed plenty of empty seats, came back to Hungary via the Voice of America and BBC. Anxious to "prove" that the Cardinal's trial was open to the world press, Hungarian officials grudgingly admitted him to the second day of the trial. They then tried to discourage him by telling him the *Times* wasn't using his copy.

Left wing publications in this country still try to discredit Pressman's stories by calling him a "youth" and saying the *Times* itself discredited him and didn't print his stories. This odd piece of propaganda warns people not to believe Pressman's stories in the *Times* because Pressman's stories weren't in the *Times*.

Pressman says the *Times* used every word he sent. He is indeed a youth, a graduate of New York University and the Columbia School of Journalism, formerly on the staff of the *Newark* (N. J.) *Evening News*, a veteran of three years on a sub-chaser in the South Pacific, recipient of a \$1500 Pulitzer scholarship. He was able to walk right into Judge Medina's New York courtroom, as were the reporters of the communist *Daily Worker*—even though there was little room. R.B.P.

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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letter short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SIFT

I just read your article *Who Wants a Car?* by Hank Felsen, in your July issue. Wonderful. If you have tried to buy a car, new or used, in the last few years as I have, you would jump up and down with glee. As we were reading the story in my office aloud, my local dealer called to tell me he had a super sedan for me to try over the coming weekend. Did I laugh! This is now definitely a *buyers' market*. More power to Hank and let's have more articles like his.

John H. Conner
Seattle, Washington

TWO SYLLABLES, ANYWAY

I question the pronunciation of *dengue* (*Were You Exposed to Tropical Disease?*, by Dr. J. B. Rice, July issue) as given *dengu*.

T. F. McCarthy
Waltham, Massachusetts

▼ Dr. Rice says he has a dictionary which says it's *dengu* (*deng-you*). Almost makes us want to answer, "You're welcome." However, our office Webster says the word ought to be pronounced either *deng-gay* or *deng-ee*. Most GIs knew the fever as *deng-ee*. **Editors**

BASEBALL'S BIG MOMENTS

Our family enjoyed your little baseball quiz, *Can You Name Your Ballplayers?* (July issue.) Now will you identify the player in the enclosed picture for a contest we are interested in?

Mrs. Cynthia Russell
Philmont, New York

▼ The photo Mrs. Russell sent us shows a fuzzed-up picture of a ballplayer, and asks contestants to name him. Clues given include (1) he was one of the first college ballplayers to play in the major leagues and (2) his greatest game was a 1-0 no-hitter in which no opposing player reached first base — a perfect game with no runs, hits, walks or errors.

We are told that six such perfect games have been pitched in the majors. This particular pitcher is the late Addie Joss, ex-University of Wisconsin, who perfect-pitched for Cleveland against Chicago on Oct. 2, 1908 — and the first man to tell us so was comrade Fred B. Kunselman, postmaster of Meadville, Pa., who set Jack Martin, Meadville sports editor to work to answer Mrs. Russell's question. Most recent perfect game was a 2-0 victory by

Robertson, for the White Sox, over Detroit, April 30, 1922. On May 2, 1917 the Cincinnati Reds and Chicago Cubs opposed each other. Fred Toney, 235 lbs., pitched nine no-hit innings for the Reds. Jim (Hippo) Vaughn, at 220 lbs., pitched nine no-hit innings for the Cubs. But Vaughn allowed two infield hits in the tenth, including one by Jim Thorpe, and lost 1-0 to Toney, who spun another no-hit inning in the tenth. Both of these men permitted walks, but in the annals of no-hitters the game is a classic. **Editors**

SHOULD WE USE CHILE'S SYSTEM?

The July issue, which arrived this morning, is certainly a good one. Fiction and fact articles, they are really all right.

You Have To Be Yourself in Chile brought one question to mind. It is based upon what I saw of identification cards for the populations of European countries and have read of them.

This question is, "Why cannot the Chilean cards be forged also?" The fingerprints are on the card, of course, but it still seems to me that a smooth operator would have no trouble unless he should have his card picked up.

And, if you want us Americans to be checked upon every time that we change

jobs or take a trip, you can consign yourselves to the lower suite of the seventh hell.

As for fingerprinting those persons entering the country under an American passport, well and good. Just take their fingerprints as a requirement for one of our valuable passports.

Henry L. Alsmeyer, Jr.
Bishop, Tex.

I have just read Mr. LaVarre's excellent rendition of the civilian identification system that is in use in Chile.

It appears to me that the merits of such a system outweigh the slight inconveniences by a wide margin. I have long wished that the United States would adopt such a system, but being just another taxpayer without connections I have never aired my views.

With the world leadership now firmly upon our shoulders and with every indication of its remaining there, it follows that our defense and economy are now, more than ever, of paramount importance to the survival of civilization.

Not least among the problems facing us is the common knowledge that agents of a potential enemy are filtering into our nation at an increasing tempo.

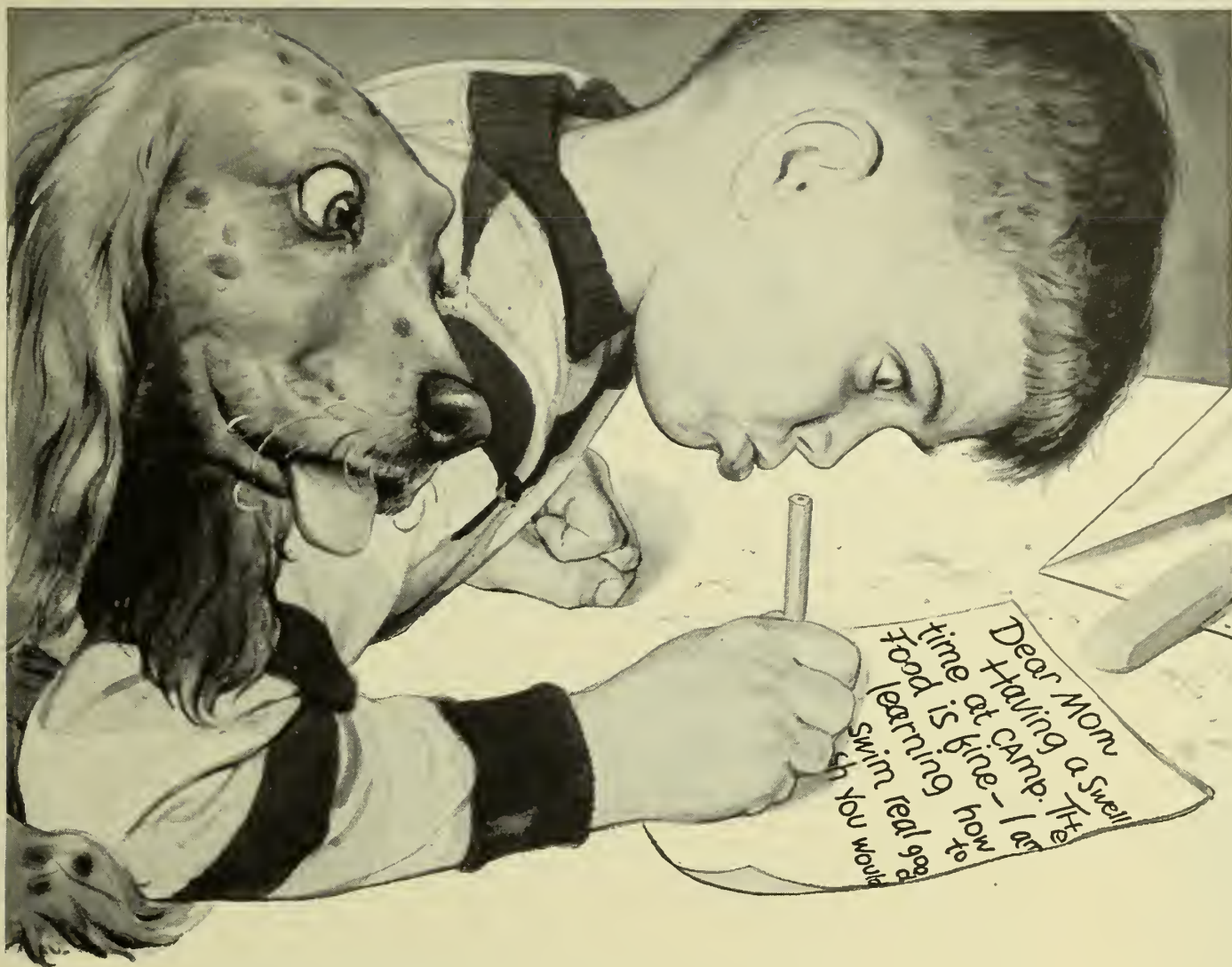
My thoughts are that such a nationwide identification system would bring this menace to a fast halt. I do not know the best method of bringing this to the man on the street but if all your readers feel as I do, I'm sure that some veteran can offer some concrete suggestion as to the proper plan of attack. Speak up, men — let's protect our families.

B. C. Hulsey
Little Rock, Ark.

I have just read *You Have To Be Yourself in Chile*. As soon as I can I will obtain a 2¼" by 3" portrait of myself. On the back will be my signature, social security number, birth date, birthplace and right thumb print. This will be notarized and
(Continued on page 62)



Mrs. Hilda Abraham, Auxiliare of Fremont, Wis., struck by the similarity between her dog Pete and the dog in Tim Henry's cover drawing for our June issue, posed Pete with her granddaughter, Lynn Helena Abraham, two years old, and the magazine. Lynn's father, Carl K., and two other sons of Mrs. Abraham served in World War Two.



What Makes Buzzie write Like this?

BUZZIE is just learning to write.

And every line he writes starts out with big, generous letters and ends up with little squeezed-up ones.

The trouble, of course, is that he hasn't learned to plan ahead. He concentrates on making those big letters, and lets the end of the line take care of itself.

Many grownups have the same trouble Buzzie has—not with their handwriting, but with their money.

They blow it all at the beginning, when it looks like there's nothing to worry about, and let the "end of the line" take care of itself. But it practically never does.

That's why the Payroll Savings Plan and the Bond-A-Month Plan are such a blessing. They are "human-nature-proof."

For you don't have to keep batting yourself over the head to save money when you're on one of these plans. The saving is done *for* you—automatically.

And remember, every U.S. Savings Bond you buy brings you \$4 in ten years for every \$3 invested.

So don't let your life run on like Buzzie's handwriting. Fix up the "end of the line" once and for all by signing up today for the Payroll Savings Plan—or, if you are not on a payroll, the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

Automatic Saving is SURE SAVING — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

August 1, 1949

OFFICE OF THE
NATIONAL COMMANDER
INDIANAPOLIS 6, IND.

Fellow Legionnaires:

It may come as a surprise to many veterans that the GI Bill was something that was fought for, that had to be fought for to exist, and that it exists because veterans were organized in The American Legion. Therefore I am delighted that The American Legion Magazine is publishing Mr. David Camelon's series of three articles called "I Saw the GI Bill Written."

I hope that Legionnaires will see to it that these articles in the September, October and November issues of our magazine are read by every veteran so that no veteran will any longer be uninformed or wrongly informed about what membership in The American Legion stands for.

Mr. Camelon tells veterans what the Legion has done for them, what it means to be a Legionnaire, and what it might mean for all veterans if there were no Legionnaires. He understands the political difficulties which we faced in seeking a fair deal for veterans, for he was on the spot when we wrote and fought for the GI Bill. As he himself says, he was amazed at the obstacles thrown in our path when seeking fair readjustments for that special class of men and women who, either voluntarily or selected by government, sacrificed their civil rights, their health, their careers, their education, the welfare of their dependents and their lives to protect our country in time of war.

He is witness to the fact that after two years of such sacrifices by millions of Americans, no plan had been formulated by government to make amends for the loss of jobs, loss of civilian training and opportunity, loss of education, loss of homes and loss of incomes suffered by our service men and women as a class.

He is witness to the fact that government's program to readjust the war-injured was working imperfectly after two years of fighting war.

Mr. Camelon is witness to the fact that the American people were ready and eager to solve these problems, but until the Legionnaires of WWI leaped into the breach, writing and fighting out of their own bitter experience, there was no leadership for the people to follow, no plan to support, no champion to unite their words into one voice.

And finally, he is witness to the fact that, even with the backing of millions of Americans, the great disillusion of 1919 might have been repeated had not veterans of the first war been strong and united in their greatest organization, The American Legion.

Sincerely,
Perry Brown
PERRY BROWN
National Commander

I SAW THE GI BILL WRITTEN

By DAVID CAMELON

An eyewitness account of the wartime
battle in Washington to create the GI Bill of Rights,
First of three parts

PART ONE THE FIGHT FOR MUSTERING OUT PAY



THE FORGOTTEN BATTALION”?

Bill Smith could have told you what it was, in that fall of 1943 — Bill Smith, or Troy Lucas, or Lawrence Edward Mahoney.

Bill Smith, paralyzed by a Jap bomb on Guadalcanal. Troy Lucas, who left his right leg in Tunisia. And Lawrence Edward Mahoney, who never saw combat, who had both his hands torn off, and one eye blinded by the explosion of a hand grenade in a training camp in Texas.

Yes, they could have told you the misery, the sick bewilderment of “The Forgotten Battalion” — the legion of the disabled, who had come home in mid-war to delay, neglect and disillusion.

But no one knew of them, no one had spoken for them in that fall of 1943 — until



Within 24 hours Legion service officers named
1,536 war-disabled veterans needing immediate aid

CASE 17. Discharged totally disabled.
Claim held up six months by red tape

CASE 12. Totally blinded. Discharged in
June, 1943. No help yet (November 29, 1943)



I SAW THE GI BILL WRITTEN (Continued)

Opposition to Mustering Out Pay Warns of Trouble Ahead for GI Bill

The American Legion spoke, in a voice of cold, calculated fury that shook America.

Those were unreal, complacent days in Washington. War and its harsh truths were far away. Casualties were unpleasant—but we could accept them as necessary. They were statistics; part of the cost of war—and they happened to other people; people far away from the Pentagon Building, the Mayflower Cocktail Lounge, or the House and Senate Office Buildings.

We were too busy fighting the Battle of Washington—even many like myself who were newspaper correspondents—to know the truth: the utter loneliness of the battlefield, the tragedy of the human backwash of war. Perhaps we should not be blamed too much—for the myriad interests of Washington were part of the war, too; the easy, comfortable part.

The easy, comfortable complacency ended abruptly on November 29, 1943—the day that National Commander Warren Atherton of The American Legion gave the story of “The Forgotten Battalion” to the Congress.

It was a shocking, incredible story of disabled men—their minds twisted, bodies torn in battle—shunted out of hospitals, out of the armed forces into a world of callous reality, of heartbreaking delay and neglect—even, in far too many cases, of actual distress. Everybody was going to “do something” for the veterans “after the war.”



CASE 13. Discharged insane, April, 1943.
Not even examined eight months later

It was a nice thought, but hazy. Meanwhile soldiers, sailors and marines were being shot and discharged. But the public had forgotten that before a war ends it has its veterans.

It seems impossible to believe, now, that thousands of disabled men discharged during the war were forced to depend upon charity for their very existence for months before the country they had fought to defend got around to caring for them.

Incredible, too, that no one but The American Legion spoke for them; that no one but The American Legion undertook to find out what was happening, and, having found out, to fight for them relentlessly and unceasingly until some measure of human justice was given to them.

But the facts forced belief — the cold, inescapable facts marshaled and presented by the Legion.

"The Forgotten Battalion"?

Yes, Bill Smith could, indeed, have told you what it was. That is not his name. His real identity is contained in the Legion files which were the basis of Atherton's report. It is not necessary here.

Bill Smith enlisted in the Army, July 13, 1940. He believed that, if there was going to be trouble — and he did not see how America could stay out of war for long — his country needed him, even though his aging mother was dependent on him for support. In the service of his country he went to Guadalcanal, and there met the Jap grenade that all but ended his life. Stretcher bearers carried him from the battlefield, and doctors made this diagnosis:

"Penetrating wound, right parieto-occipital region; di-

agnosis: hemiplegia, spastic, left." What do they mean?

That meant that the Jap grenade smashed in the right side of Bill's head, messed up the delicate nerves in his brain, and left his left side paralyzed.

Bill was declared "unfit for service" on January 13, 1943. From that date on, the Army knew Bill would never fight again, and that after his discharge he would need help. He was discharged from the hospital and the Army on July 3, six and a half months later.

There were plenty of laws on the statute books to take care of Bill after his discharge. Every disabled veteran discharged for service-connected disabilities was eligible to these broad benefits, according to his needs:

1. Monthly compensation ranging from \$10 to \$100, with additional statutory awards granted in certain cases — for blindness, paralysis, loss of limbs, etc. —

which might bring the awards as high as \$250. (Today the basic awards have been increased to from \$13.80 to \$138 a month.)

2. Free hospitalization and medical treatment.

3. Vocational rehabilitation and trade school or other educational training up to four years, with monthly allowances during his rehabilitation.

Yes, the laws were on the books which would have taken care of Bill.

The trouble lay in making those benefits available to him. After his discharge, Bill had to make a claim for disability rating and compensation. Before his claim could be acted upon, his service record and medical record had to be certified to the Veterans Administration, a rating board had to consider his case, and his condition and need had to be determined.

You'd think that in the six months Bill lay in the hospital — the six months that elapsed between January 13, when he was called "unfit for service" and July 3, when he was discharged — someone would have looked ahead; would have anticipated Bill's needs, and would have assembled all the necessary records so that his claim might be handled immediately.

But it didn't happen that way.

They handed Bill his discharge — and nothing else. No money, no clothes, nothing but a warning that he could wear his uniform for only 90 days, and after that he'd have to find some civilian clothes.

On the day he was discharged, his army pay stopped. So did the allotment he had been sending his mother — the only money she had. They sent Bill home paralyzed, and penniless; sent him home to wait four long months before his claim was adjudicated. He was, finally, rated 50 percent disabled, and vocational rehabilitation was recommended.

How did Bill and his mother live during those months?

No one seemed to know, or, apart from the Legion, to care. Perhaps he was able to drag his paralyzed body to his neighbor's door for a handout.

Bill's case was not an isolated one — not unique in its record of callous neglect.

With controlled fury, Commander Atherton presented the records of 1,536 other men — men who had been

(Continued on page 46)

TREMENDOUS RECORD OF THE GI BILL

To the end of 1948 the following number of veterans had benefitted from the GI Bill

Unemployment compensation	8,543,000
Education and training	5,124,000
Home, business and farm loans	1,346,000

EVEN AFTER Commander Atherton presented the 1,536 cases a Congressman cried: "Our boys didn't go to war for money! For dollars! Why when a boy dies we put an American flag on his coffin!"





What Army Are They

If you want to write a best-selling novel, a successful play or a movie with plenty of B.O., forget the fellows you knew in service. Instead, dream up a batch of characters from the booby-hatch

ILLUSTRATED BY SYD LAND

UNTIL A SHORT TIME AGO I was a veteran and proud of it. But that is all in the past. Today if anyone asks where I spent the war years, I wink knowingly and

hint that I was a bigger slacker than a pair of size 42 pants on size 32 hips.

The reason for my change in attitude can be traced to the flood of war books and movies that are being written and produced without a word of

apology to the veterans they insult.

A few years ago, when the issue of WW Big was still in doubt, we men in uniform showed up in fiction as the cream of America's bright-eyed, intelligent youth. In every book, story or third-rate movie it was the gallant PFC who had the striking profile, the clear eyes, the enemy code book, the leg of the chicken and the hand of the heroine.

This honeymoon between the uniform and the typewriter lasted until it was certain that victory was ours. The dust hadn't settled on what was left of Hiroshima before the writers stopped calling attention to G.I. Joe's handsome features, and began pointing out that his uniform was dirty and there was alcohol on his breath.

As near as I can figure, most of these works are being penned by veteran ROTC cadets and former PX Raiders



Talking About ?

By HENRY G. FELSEN

who never got closer to action than the front seat at a newsreel. Personally, I don't care how many battleships they blow up with hand grenades, but I do object when every American fighting man is portrayed as a sloth or slob. The way it is now, current literature has just about convinced the civilian population that the three kinds of veterans are not those who were soldiers, sailors and marines, but those who were lazy, crazy, or hazy.

In order to make things easy, most writers and movie men have narrowed the wartime strength of the United States armed forces to a confused general, two handsome lieutenants, one sadistic sergeant, and five or six foul-mouthed idiots without stripes or bars. If you are a veteran, you automatically fall into one of these categories, according to your former rate or rank. In case you don't know which

particular nincompoop you were during the war, I will run through the list, and give you an idea of what the non-uniformed people think you did.

To start at the top, the literary commanding general or admiral is the kind of officer who couldn't deploy a troop of Boy Scouts for a weenie roast. He has had no military background, and the only reason he has been made a

general is that his wife is the cousin of a civil service employee in Gitchmo, Wisconsin. He is so dumb he doesn't even know which end of the swagger stick the bullet comes out of.

All day long the general sits in his office looking at maps, muttering he is a lonely old man who only wants to cultivate his blooded turnips and breed his racing (Continued on page 60)





They Howl for Justice

THE COMMUNIST LEADERS SILENTLY ANTICIPATE ACQUITTAL. USUALLY THEY WERE NOT SO QUIET, BUT JOINED WITH THEIR LAWYERS IN BADGERING THE JUDGE

A reporter who covered the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty and that of the commie leaders before Judge Medina presents some significant contrasts

By GABRIEL PRESSMAN

I SAW TWO MEN brought to trial this year—Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty and Eugene Dennis. To see their historic trials, in Budapest and New York, was to see the difference between two worlds.

On February 3, Cardinal Mindszenty

and six other Hungarian Catholic leaders stood in a dingy courtroom on Marko Street in Budapest before a small, selected audience, to face charges of plotting to overthrow the government, treason and currency manipulation. Before a week was out, I saw the cardinal convicted—guilty

on all counts. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, stripped of his property and banished from public life.

Meanwhile, on January 17, Eugene Dennis and ten other American communist big shots stood in the modern Federal Court building on Foley Square in New York in a courtroom packed with reporters from the world press, to face charges of teaching and advocating the overthrow of the government by force. Fifty-six days later, with the jury box yet unfilled, the offense was still firmly in the hands of the defendants as they bombarded judge, prospective jurors and press relentlessly.

Outside and inside the courtrooms, the contrasts between totalitarianism and democracy were dramatic.

Marko Street on the opening day of the Mindszenty trial was kept clear of onlookers by a patrol of militiamen carrying tommyguns. Five or six daringly curious Hungarians stood silently half a block from the courthouse entrance.



...DE, COMMIE SYMPATHIZERS MOCKED OUR COURTS, ABUSED JUDGE MEDINA AND SHRIEKED THAT THEIR BELOVED CIVIL LIBERTIES WERE IN JEOPARDY

Foley Square on opening day was packed with cameramen, 500 pickets chanting pro-defense slogans, scores of newsmen, hundreds of spectators and an outnumbered police force. Even Judge Harold R. Medina, to get to his chamber, had to thread his way through a picket line—where some marchers held up copies of the Communist Daily Worker carrying black headlines “Frameup Trial of ‘12’, On Today,” while others booed and hissed.

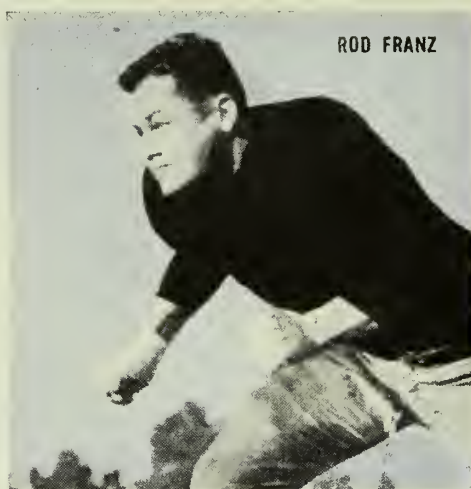
Inside the *Budapest* courtroom a score of correspondents, mostly fellow travelers, part-time Hungarian stringers and communists, sat alongside government-picked interpreters. The only American correspondents were Ed Korry of the United Press and I. (The western correspondents who knew the country best were refused visas to Hungary for the trial.) In the Federal Courthouse in *New York* sat 70 of the world’s full-time radio and news correspondents, representing every shade of opinion from the *Daily Worker* and Tass (the (Continued on page 39)

IN BUDAPEST THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. WHEN CARDINAL Mindszenty FACED A COMMIE JUDGE A SMALL ARMY OF GUARDS MADE SURE THERE WOULD BE NO NONSENSE ABOUT CIVIL LIBERTIES





Left Tackle — Minnesota



ROD FRANZ

Left Guard — California



CLAYTON TONNEMAK

Center — Minnesota



LEON HART

Left End — Notre Dame

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR '49

Here's a look ahead at the stars and teams that may shine
in college football this fall. It seems like another big year.

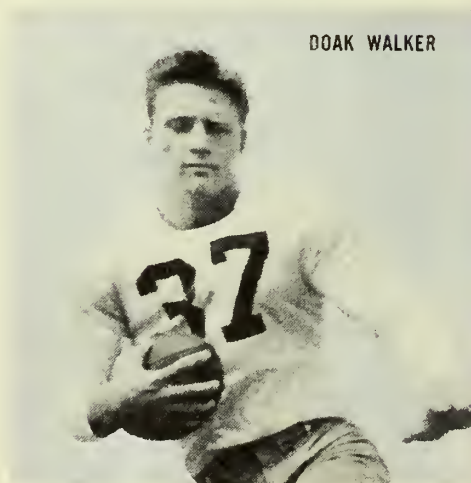


EMIL SITKO

Back — Notre Dame

Back — Southern Methodist

Back — North Carolina



DOAK WALKER

Back — Northwestern



CHARLIE JUSTICE

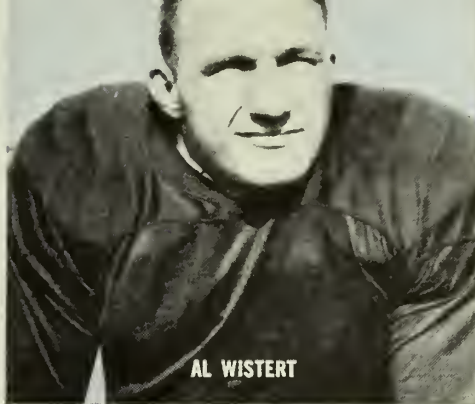


ART MURAKOWSKI



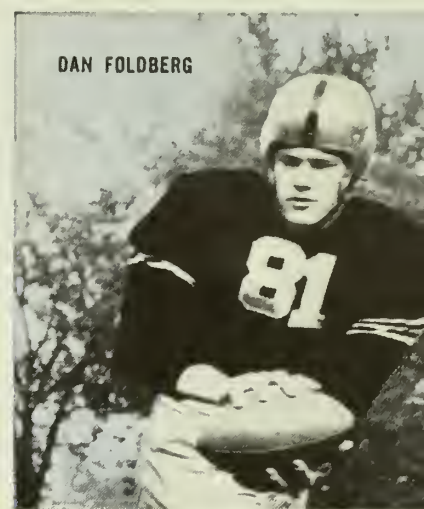
JOE DRAZENOVICH

Right Guard – Penn State



AL WISTERT

Right Tackle – Michigan



DAN FOLDBERG

Right End – Army

PROBABLE 1949 ALL-AMERICAN ELEVEN

BACK	Art Murakowski	Northwestern
BACK	Doak Walker	Southern Methodist
BACK	Charlie Justice	North Carolina
BACK	Emil Sitko	Notre Dame
LEFT END	Leon Hart	Notre Dame
LEFT TACKLE	Leo Nomellini	Minnesota
LEFT GUARD	Rod Franz	California
CENTER	Clayton Tonnemaker	Minnesota
RIGHT GUARD	Joe Drazenovich	Penn State
RIGHT TACKLE	Al Wistert	Michigan
RIGHT END	Dan Foldberg	Army

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE'S ADVISORY FOOTBALL BOARD

RECORDING SECRETARY, Ed Fitzgerald, *Sport Magazine*
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By ED FITZGERALD

THE ONLY THING certain about the outlook for the 1949 college football season is that it is uncertain.

Despite the fact that you practically never win when you fill out one of those little cards which promise to pay off at 20-1 if you pick six out of six games right, college football is a sport that generally runs fairly true to form. The teams that figure well on paper usually do well on the field. This year, however, almost every major conference leaves the brash expert gasping for air. Yet backed up by information supplied by the Advisory Board listed in the box above, we offer the following peek at the crystal ball.

Even Notre Dame, the paladin of them all, might lose a couple of games

this year, although gloomy Frank Leahy is grieving so loudly over his chances that the cautious observer is inclined to feel that things can't be so bad with the Irish after all.

Less uncertainty exists as far as the probable individual standouts of the game are concerned. Polling the experts from coast to coast, you cannot help but be impressed with the almost unanimous support lent such proved performers as Doak Walker of Southern Methodist University, Charlie Justice of North Carolina, Leo Nomellini of Minnesota, Leon Hart of Notre Dame, and Rod Franz of California. Each of those boys is a short-priced favorite to make most of the big All-American teams next Winter.

Doak Walker, the only athlete in America to give Lou Boudreau a race for the title of No. 1 Cover Boy in Sport for 1948, is virtually everybody's

pick for the player of the year. SMU's chief engineer has looked like the goods to all the press-box tenants who have seen him in action. Even the redoubtable Choo Choo Justice runs well behind the small but compactly constructed, amazingly versatile Walker. Unless the experts are all wet, Doak will be touring the countryside picking up another collection of plaques, trophies, watches and assorted memorabilia when the banquet season starts in December.

Once you pick Walker and Justice, the completion of your "All" backfield turns out to be anything but a cinch. As is almost always the case, the country is crawling with high-powered offensive operatives. Some of them, like Ed Price of Tulane, Forrest Griffith of Kansas, Franny Rogell of Penn State, Jack Cloud of William and Mary, and Arnold Galiffa of Army, have been around for a while and consequently have a familiar look about them. Others, like Vic Janowicz of Ohio State, Kyle Rote of SMU, and Harry Agannis of Boston University, are youngsters of whom great things are expected. There are the usual small college representatives, like Eddie LaBaron of Collegc of the Pacific, Charlie Huntsinger of Florida, and Ray Mathews of Clemson—fine ballplayers who suffer more from a lack of publicity than from any defects in their ability to go places. All in all, the crop is heavy and of good quality.

Whether or not you agree with the nomination of Emil Sitko of Notre Dame and Art Murakowski of Northwestern to pair with Walker and Justice in your "dream" backfield, you will have to agree that they help form a murderous quartet.

There is no doubt that California's Jackie Jensen, who became famous on his football ability long before he got his picture in (Continued on page 42)



THEY ARE "THE BIG THREE" OF THE DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY. LEFT TO RIGHT ARE CASS HOUGH, FATHER EDWARD C. HOUGH, AND "UNCLE CHARLEY" BENNETT, THE PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY

Everybody Gets a

There's a lot of talk about the American free enterprise system. Here's the story of a company that practices it in such a way that everyone benefits

By CLARENCE WOODBURY

PHOTOS BY ROY BASH



THE MOST POPULAR gun ever made in America, or anywhere else, is the Daisy air rifle. During the last 60 years, more than 40,000,000 of them have been manufactured, the word Daisy has become a synonym for air gun all over the world, and three generations of boys have fired no fewer than 200,000,000,000 B-Bs out of them. Some of these shots have shattered windows and stung the hides of stray cats but, speaking generally, the trusty Daisy has brought more fun into the world at the cost of less tragedy than any other gun ever invented.

Comparatively few people realize, however, that the company which makes the world's most popular gun is also hitting the bullseye with a highly significant plan of enlightened capitalism. Under the executive direction of an outstanding wartime hero of the Army Air Force, the Daisy Manufacturing Company has foresworn old-fashioned, grab-all-you-can-get methods of running a business and is writing industrial history by distributing profits fairly among everyone responsible for earning them — stockholders, employees, distributors, jobbers and retailers. No one gets a disproportionately large bite of the profits and customers benefit, too, for the main aim all along the line is to turn out the

best possible product for the lowest possible price.

Every one of Daisy's 500 employees has become an active partner in its operation. The more money the company makes, the more money he makes. In addition to top-scale wages, employees receive twice a year approximately one-half of the company's net profits — it amounted to \$730 per employee last year — and, knowing they are partners in the enterprise, they cooperate with management to an extent which would astonish the administrators of most industrial concerns. There are no strikes and no slow-downs. Everybody works like a beaver, yet jobs at the Daisy plant are so eagerly sought after and so cherished that it is probably harder to get employment there than at any other factory from coast to coast.

The amazingly high morale of employees is attributable not only to the extra cash they receive twice annually, but also to the fact that Daisy's profit-sharing plan provides them with much greater security than is available to most employees. Fifty percent of the earnings which are set aside for each employee are paid to him in cash and the other fifty percent placed in a retirement trust fund for him. At any time after he has been with the company for ten years, he can draw out of

this nest egg more money than was placed in it to his account, and if he chooses to stay with Daisy throughout his working career he stands to collect a small fortune.

If you go to work for Daisy at the age of 30, for example, and work there continuously for the next 35 years, it is estimated you will have between \$20,000 and \$25,000 coming to you at the age of 65, provided the company has maintained its 1945-1948 rate of earnings over the 35-year period.

Some employers may regard this as Santa Claus stuff and say they would go broke if they attempted such practices, but the owners of the Daisy Company have found it smart business. Highly practical industrialists who built up their enterprise against the fiercest kind of competition, they simply discovered that the *best way to gain* the cooperation of their employees was to take their employees into business with them. And they are not going broke by any means. On the contrary, the prosperity of the company is increasing hand in hand with the increased prosperity of the employees.

While the present retirement plan is only four years old, for more than half a century they have pursued a generous policy of spreading earnings among employees by other devices and, while doing so, have become by far the most successful air gun makers on earth. (Continued on page 55)

Break



THE COMPANY LAYS ITS CARDS ON THE TABLE SO THAT EMPLOYEES KNOW EXACTLY HOW MUCH MONEY IS BEING MADE. HERE CASS HOUGH POSTS THE LATEST QUOTATION OF THE AMOUNT THAT IS AVAILABLE

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT IS CLOSELY WATCHED TO KEEP EARNINGS UP. HERE DURING A JOINT MANAGEMENT-EMPLOYEE MEETING AN EMPLOYEE IS BEING QUESTIONED ABOUT REPEATED ABSENCE



BOSS OR NO BOSS, HOUGH GETS NO SPECIAL CONSIDERATION FROM HIS CO-WORKERS WHEN HE PLAYS BALL



CASS HOUGH, LEFT, EARNED HIS EAGLES AND MANY DECORATIONS. WITH HIM IS COLONEL BEN KELSEY

HOW TO WELCOME BURGLARS TO YOUR HOUSE

Burglaries are on the rise, but very often the person whose house is entered has only himself to blame

By DONALD B. ROBINSON



CIT TOOK LESS than three minutes for sharp-eyed William J. Gomey, the ace detective who is now Deputy Commissioner of Public Safety for the city of Yonkers, N. Y., to “case” the little white house at the end of the Westchester road.

“A burglar’s paradise,” he called it.

It was a comparatively new frame house, two stories high, with five fair-sized rooms, a built-in garage and a low-slung cellar. There was a tiny lawn in front, a diminutive yard in the rear. Situated on a quiet, tree-lined street, it was the sort of a pleasant-looking home that thousands of veterans live in today.

Commissioner Gomey did not waste any time, though, on the looks of the

place. He was interested in its defenses against crooks. Rapidly, he strode around the outside of the house, glancing at its doors, windows and walls. The sturdy front door seemed to please him. So did the well-constructed steel door of the garage. He stopped short, however, when he came to the side entrance. It had an old-fashioned door, the bottom half of wood, the upper part largely of glass, and Gomey didn’t like it.

“This house is wide-open to burglars,” he said, pointing to the glass panes in the door.

“All a burglar has to do to break into this house,” he declared, “is bust one of those panes of glass, stick in his hand and unlock the door. The people who live here are inviting trouble.”

With burglars on the increase throughout the United States, *The American Legion Magazine* had asked Commissioner Gomey, a man of 29 years’ police experience, to look over a small suburban home—the kind that the average Legionnaire buys or builds—and see what chances its owners would have of protecting their belongings against thieves. The Westchester house was selected as typical of such homes.

The house had its strong points. The Commissioner thought the front door excellent. Of solid wood and strongly-encased, it would, he said, put up real resistance to a burglar’s jimmy. Furthermore, the lock was a good one. Few burglars would have the skill and time to pick it, Gomey said.



A SURE WAY of attracting the attention of a burglar is to go away without arranging to stop delivery of newspapers and milk



WHEN A GARAGE is built into a house, garage doors can usually provide easy entrance. In this case, a metal door makes a tough obstacle



COMMISSIONER COMEY shows how a cellar window has been built to foil crooks. In this case a metal sash and wire-glass prove a barrier



THE AVERAGE WINDOW with a catch lock is a cinch for even a novice burglar. All he has to do is insert a blade and move the catch



THE MAN in this case is not a burglar, but he is demonstrating how a thief breaks into a house with some tape and a wrapped rock



THIS SET-UP was described by Commissioner Comey as a cinch. A dime-store key or a tap on the glass would give the burglar entrance

The garage door also rated praise. It was of the overhead sliding variety, all of steel and set in steel framing. No burglar, Comey said, was going to get into the house through this door.

There was a side window, opening into the cellar, that Comey liked. It was of frosted, wire-reinforced glass.

"That's a good window," he remarked. "It'd be tough to bust it, and besides, a burglar can't look in and see what kind of a lock he has to cope with."

After these strong points came the vulnerable spots, and Comey spied plenty of these. The framing around the back windows was weak. It would be no problem to jimmy the windows and the frames right out of the wall. The living room windows had only the

simplest sort of latches. The Commissioner said that a burglar could open them with a nail file. The second-story windows were as bad. They had no safeguards whatsoever. According to the Commissioner, an agile burglar could easily shinny up one of the nearby trees, push up one of the windows and climb in.

Worst of all was the side door. Not only did it have all that glass but, as the Commissioner noted, it also had a huge, old-style keyhole. Practically any five-and-ten cent store key would open it.

"A burglar could get into this house blindfolded," Comey declared. "And the tragedy is that most other houses are just as vulnerable."

The survey over, Commissioner

Comey started for his car. Suddenly he halted.

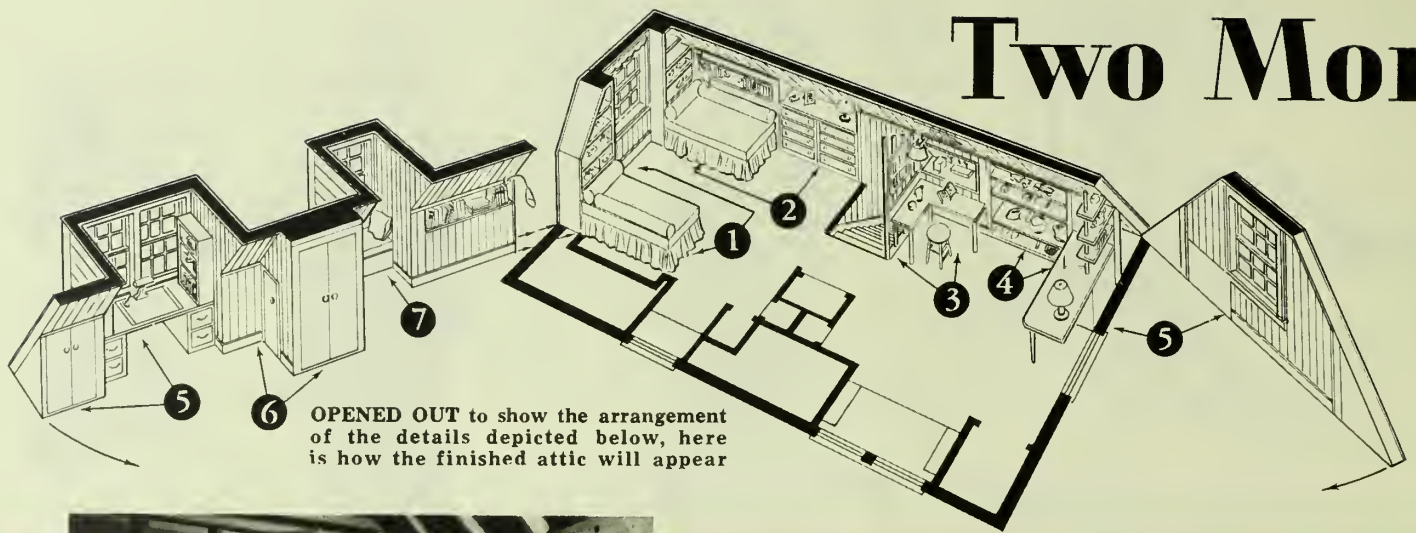
"I'm going to try an experiment," he said.

He walked up to the front door and rang the bell. No one answered. He rang it again. Still no one answered. Then he put his hand on the doorknob, turned it and pushed. The door swung open. The owners of the house had gone out leaving their front door unlocked!

"Is it any wonder," commented Commissioner Comey, "that burglars are having a field day in America? No matter how good a police department is, it cannot protect householders who refuse to protect themselves."

That burglars are on a rampage today is a fact (Continued on page 53)

Two More



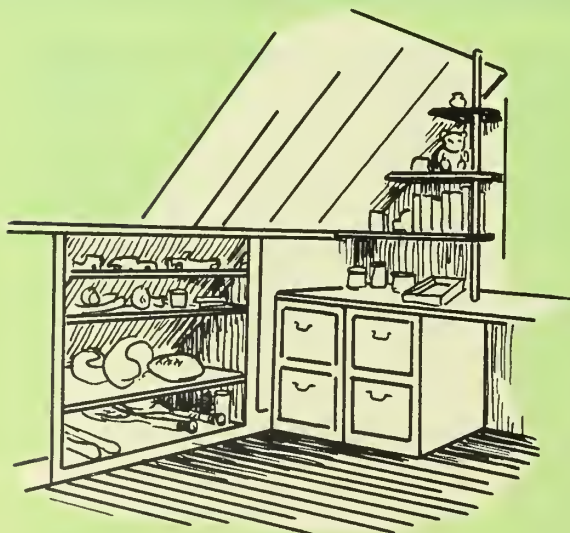
OPENED OUT to show the arrangement of the details depicted below, here is how the finished attic will appear



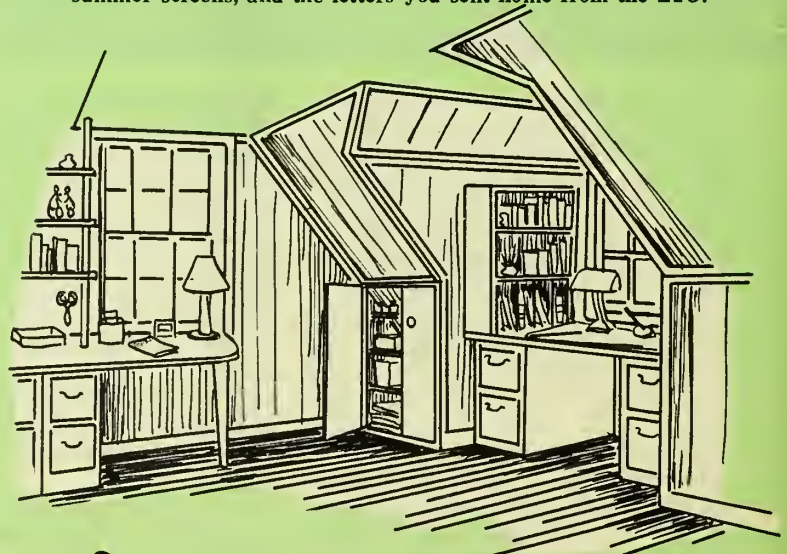
THE TRICK is to do your planning carefully beforehand



1 Here's a bright corner of the bedroom, with a recessed book shelf behind the bed, and some more shelves at its head. These latter shelves are supported on one side by the wall, and on the other by a good, wide board running to the ceiling. That bed won't cost you much. Buy an Army wooden double-decker and saw it in half. You can get it in a furniture or an Army supply store for about \$50, complete with two mattresses. If you look closely behind the bed, you'll see that the lower wall there consists of removable panels. They mask some good storage space under the eaves, more than enough for the Christmas tree decorations, summer screens, and the letters you sent home from the ETO.



4 Here are some shelves, recessed into the wall of the "junior living room," which will make an admirable depot for games, athletic equipment and the various odds and ends that the younger generation usually leaves in the center of the floor. The shelves, of 1" x 12" pine, follow the roof line all the way back.



5 There's no better way to encourage good study habits in children than by giving each of them his own big desk. The one at the right can be built into the dormer window. All it requires are two two-drawer file cases and a heavy plywood board to go across them. On either side of the desk, small shelves—some with old-fashioned pigeonholes—will be handy for pencils and papers. The desk at the left is also set on two filing cabinets, but it needs a leg at one end. The built-in cabinet, for games, stationery, paints, etc., runs back to the eaves.

Rooms for Less Than \$600

BY KITTY YORK

If you bought a house with an expansion attic here is how you can turn it into living space without going broke

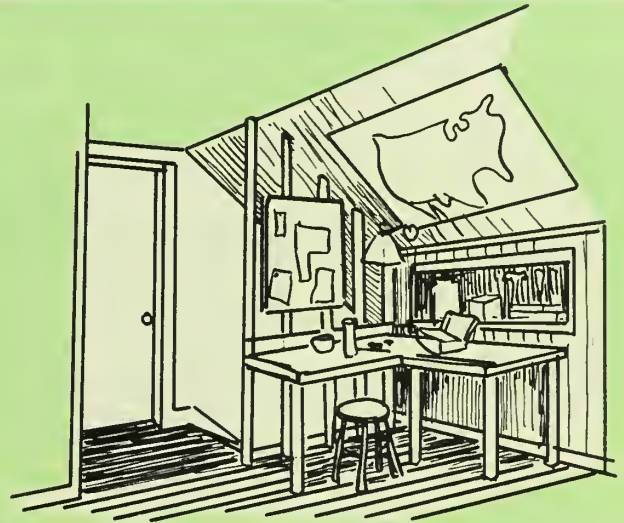


IF YOU'RE LIKE most veterans, that dream house you bought a while back is beginning to bulge at the seams. The kids are growing up, you've installed a television set, and your bride has acquired a healthy collection of souvenirs that she wants to store. You've got to have more space, or else. . . . Well, you can have it, easily, inexpensively and without too much effort.

For less than \$600 and some elbow grease, you can take that unfinished attic of yours and turn it into two stunning rooms for the kids, plus some extra closets (Continued on page 58)



2 Here's the other bed, with the same sort of shelves, removable panels and storage space that are described in No. 1. The two unfinished chests of drawers can be purchased very inexpensively and with no trouble at all set in the wall recess designed to hold them. The fronts of the chests should be flush with the walls.



3 This work table, at the stairway end of the "junior living room," will give your boys (or your girls) a place to work and play together. They can use it for painting (the equipment can be kept in the recessed shelf) or for playing with their chemical sets. The top of the table is made of plywood, the legs of 2" x 2"s. Notice that no wall or door separates this room from the stairs. That gives more spaciousness to the room and more light to the stairwell. The poles in back of the desk are decorative and what's more will keep the kids from falling downstairs. That pin-up board on the poles is made of wallboard.



6 Here's a tricky closet at the head of the stairs that's no trouble to build. Four feet wide, and two feet deep, it affords some high hanging space for clothes. Notice its two half-doors; they save precious space on the landing. In the rear, opening on the kids' "living room," you can build in a cabinet with shelves that reach back behind the clothes closet.



7 Here's a way to convert a dormer window in the bedroom into a spot where the boys can take a breather. (If you've girls to contend with, this would be perfect for a built-in dressing table.)

The built-in cabinet at the far-left runs behind the stairway closet, meeting the cabinet in the "living room." The other cabinet can go through to the eaves. Both cabinets have shelves for sweaters, shoes, roller skates, or if you prefer, your own fishing tackle.

The Man With the

GLASS JAW



"WELL, JACKIE, it's my jaw," he said. "It's glass."

By ALFRED J. CARTER

The Champ had a weak spot and the challenger knew it. But how could he turn the secret against the man who had saved his life in a shell hole?

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY POTT

HE SHOWED HIS JAW in the fifth, but I didn't hit it. I couldn't. I shot for the body instead. The old one-two. The left and right. I beat on his ribs like a drummer. I might have been slugging a very solid brick wall for all the good of it, and I knew it.

His jaw was the weak spot, but I wasn't having any luck. The glass jaw was out-of-bounds—for me, anyway. It was a confidence that I wouldn't have betrayed on a bet. It was like that, see.

The Champ, Pete Burrell, and I were mixing it hot and plenty heavy now and the fans were eating it like peaches and cream. If the wind was right, I thought, they could hear that roar in Newburgh. I took a bad one in the eye then and another on the jaw, and sat down.

The roar that went up was like twisting the volume control on a radio and the lights went round and round overhead. I just sat there and watched 'em until they steadied down. Then I looked across at Pete Burrell in a neutral corner and thought, "What's the

use?" because the handwriting was right there on the wall.

But I got up at nine, anyway. It might as well be clean, I thought. The bell sounded then. It was like music. I don't know why, because I was licked and knew it, and knew that the bell would only prolong the thing. But it sounded right sweet just then.

I guess there are a lot odder things in this life — like Pete Burrell being one of the best friends, I, Jackie Peterson, ever had, for instance.

"Odds" Bellew swabbed my face with a towel and then went to work with collodion on the chinks where blood showed. The Kid held out the strap so's I could breath easier and took out my mouthpiece—dunked it in the water bucket.

"You got a one-track mind, Jackie?" Odds wanted to know. "You been blastin' him low all night. He's got a button, you know, and it might just be you'd rattle 'em if you raised your sights. You won't knock him out, mind, cause nobody's ever knocked him out, but you could still win on points."

No, I thought, no one's ever knocked him out. He had a glass jaw, by his own

admission, and yet no one had ever found it. I wondered why. I guessed then that it was because he was just too doggone much boxer. He kept his jaw tucked away and he could almost dodge a bullet with it—and that was the answer, I suppose.

Odds wanted me to say something, so I did. "He keeps his upstairs covered," I said. "And he's clever. I couldn't hit his button with a Smith and Wesson."

What Odds didn't know, wasn't going to hurt him anyway. Me, I was the one who was in for a hurting.

I looked over at Pete. He had a battery of men working in his corner, while he just laid back, his hands on the ropes, and his eyes closed. He was breathing hard and I could see the red splotches I'd brought out on his body, but I knew it didn't mean anything. He had a body like a redwood tree. His jaw was the thing, but not for me.

It's quite a story. I learned about that jaw of his in the cold mud of a shell hole at Aitape, New Guinea. Pete Burrell, champion of the world at our weight, had just gone through a murderous crossfire to drag me there, and I don't guess either one of us ever figured we'd see Newburgh Garden again.

When there was a lull in the firing Pete started to help me back toward our lines. My left leg was deadwood, with two machine-gun bullets in the thigh. But the rat-a-tat of Jap machine guns opened up again and we didn't get far.

It was a shell hole, smaller than the first, and we were there for nearly a day when the (Continued on page 44)

... REACHED OUT AND SHOVED. JUST A TAP ON THE RIBS
AND IT WAS ALL OVER ... A PRETTY HARD THING TO BELIEVE



Rudy Pott



DAVE EAVES AND HARDY McCALMAN

THE TOWN THAT CAME BACK

Buchanan, Georgia, didn't offer much to its homecoming veterans, but two ex-GIs made it a place worth living in

By HOWARD M. ROSHKOW

A FORGOTTEN LITTLE Georgia town today stands as a living symbol of the enterprise and faith of two veterans.

"Buchanan was a kind of 'used-to-be' town, a little old dried-up county seat town," recalls old-timer C. A. Beam, "but in just two years we've found ourselves again. People used to leave our town every year and never come back. Now folks come from every part of the State to visit us—and lots of 'em are staying for good. I tell you it's a miracle, and we've got just two boys to thank—Dave Eaves and Hardy McCalman."

The story of this rebirth began on a typical Spring day in 1946. It was the day that Dave and Hardy, buddies before the war separated them for three years, came home. Little had changed—if anything, the little town of 700 seemed more ramshackle than ever, and had fewer young people running around.

"A fine homecoming," said Dave, as they walked along the rutted red-mud streets. "Spend three years in the Army and you come home to find that your home town has nothing to offer you."

"I guess I feel the same way too. I'll

probably take the wife and take off for Atlanta," echoed Hardy. "The oil company will take me back, I guess."

"I'm not kidding anybody. It's rough leaving the place you were born and the people you know. Isn't there something a couple of ambitious guys could do to wake it up? If we could figure out a way to show the youngsters that there's good reason for staying, I think we'd be on the right track."

The solution wasn't long in coming. Dave and Hardy had done a lot of thinking and talking with Hardy's father and his partner, State Senator Claude Moore, (Continued on page 51)



McCALMAN'S FUND-RAISING WAS THOROUGH. HERE HE CORNERS A MAN IN JIM'S BARBER CHAIR

THE END RESULT WAS THIS MODERN FACTORY THAT EMPLOYS HUNDREDS AND HAS BROUGHT PROSPERITY TO BUCHANAN



House Passes Legion Omnibus Veteran Benefit Bill by Unanimous Vote; Increases Payments by \$112,000,000

Total Disability Raised to \$150; New Rate for Presumptives and Some Dependents

BY JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR
National Legislative Director

The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary scored an outstanding legislative victory when the House, on August 1st, by a vote of 354 to 0, approved the Legion omnibus bill, H.R. 5598, to increase compensation for World War I presumptive service-connected cases, provide minimum ratings for service-connected arrested tuberculosis, increase certain disability and death compensation rates, liberalize requirement for dependency allowances, and redefine the terms "line of duty" and "willful misconduct." During discussion on the floor of the House, not a single member spoke in opposition to passage of the bill.

H.R. 5598, which had been unanimously reported by the House Veterans Affairs Committee, would carry out in whole or in part some of the rehabilitation mandates on the priority legislative program of The American Legion covered by bills on which testimony had been given by Legion representatives during Committee hearings. Principal provisions of the bill are:

Section 1 restores the so-called presumptive cases of World War I to 100-per cent compensation, instead of 75 per cent. There are some 20,000 cases involved, 95 per cent of which are either tuberculosis or neuropsychiatric. There are also some paralysis cases, and a few other diseases, that were covered by the presumptive law of 1924.

Section 2 provides additional periods of time in which compensation may be drawn for arrested cases of tuberculosis. It makes mandatory present Veterans Administration regulations with several liberalizing features.

Section 3 (a) creates a new disability payment schedule based on \$150 for total disability and \$15 for 10-per cent disability. This is in lieu of the present schedules of \$138 for total disability and \$13.80 for 10-per cent disability.

Section 3 (b) increases the rate for a widow with one child from \$100 to \$105 a month, and increases the rates for additional child from \$15 to \$25.

Section 4 amends the Dependency Allowance Act to provide that those veterans 50-per cent or more disabled shall receive an additional allowance for dependents. This section keeps the schedule of payments at the same level, but reduces the disability requirements to 50 per cent in lieu of the present 60 per cent. This makes it possible for all veterans 50 per cent or more disabled to receive additional compensation for their dependents.

Section 5 liberalizes the line of duty requirement with respect to a disability incurred in confinement under sentence of court martial or civil court where the offense did not involve a dishonorable discharge or conviction of a felony, to provide that such veterans or their dependents shall receive the benefits to which they would otherwise be entitled.

Appropriations

The same day the House passed the omnibus bill, the Senate approved the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill carrying several appropriations of major importance to the program of The American Legion.

During consideration of the bill by the Senate Appropriations Committee, the National Legislative Commission presented strong arguments in favor of increasing the appropriations for the Veterans Administration, including the retention of the \$237,000,000 contract authorization for the veterans hospital construction program, which was at our request restored by the House. The Senate committee amended the bill, making up a shortage in the Veterans Administration appropriation of \$24,000,000, but did not supply an additional \$48,000,000 which the Veterans Administrator and Chief Medical Director testified would be necessary to activate existing beds in use and the new beds scheduled during the present

Review of Vet. Preference, Employment, POW, and Other Bills of Interest to Veterans

year. The committee also retained the contract authorization for hospitals. The Senate not only included the committee increase, but further amended the bill, adding an additional \$16,000,000 or \$40,000,000 in all.

The Senate committee restored \$2,250,000 to the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission, which had been reduced by the House in an amount of \$3,520,000. If the reduction had been permitted to stand, it well could have led to a complete breakdown of the administration of veterans preference in Federal employment and retention, and could even have resulted in creating a spoils system. The National Legislative Commission immediately started a drive to have the Senate reconsider its action before a final vote was taken on the bill. Many Senators were personally contacted and strongly urged to support a motion to reconsider and approve the committee amendment restoring Civil Service funds. The day the bill was finally considered, on a joint motion made by Senators Guy M. Gillette (Iowa), and George W. Malone (Nevada), the Senate voted to reconsider, and by a vote of 51 yeas to 40 nays, restored the committee amendment, adding \$2,225,000 to the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission.

In connection with the appropriation for the United States Maritime Commission, the Senate increased funds for the Commission by \$674,000 and also increased funds for Maritime training from the Senate Committee recommendation of \$3,151,050.00 to \$6,586,000.

Housing

Immediately upon signing The American Legion-supported National Housing Bill (now Public Law 171—81st Congress), the President requested the following appropriations from Congress to carry out the National Housing Program:

\$33,650,000 to begin work on long-range housing program. This money would also pay for a housing census.
\$25,000,000 in loans to start the farm housing program; and
\$10,000,000 loan to the Federal Housing Administration to establish a military housing insurance fund.

Companion Housing bills have been introduced which are of great importance to The American Legion, as follows: S. 2246, by Senator John J. Sparkman (Alabama), and H.R. 5631, by Representative Brent Spence (Ken-

LIBERTY BELL FEATURES 31st CONVENTION BADGE



The Liberty Bell symbolizes Philadelphia, just as the Eiffel Tower is the symbol of Paris. Therefore delegates and visitors to the 31st annual National Convention of the Legion at Philadelphia, August 29-September 1, will not be surprised to find a reproduction of the Liberty Bell the dominant feature of the official badge. The medallion is suspended from a grosgrain American Legion ribbon, with concealed bar-type clip at top. It will be issued to all Legionnaires who register for attendance at the National Convention.

tucky). The bill, entitled "Housing Amendments of 1949" would conform with major American Legion mandates by establishing a 100 per cent secondary market on GI loans, maintaining the present 4% interest rate on such loans, and providing for a direct Government loan to a veteran if he is unable to get one from private sources. The bill would increase the amount of the GI loan guaranteed by the Veterans Administration. At present, the Veterans Administration guarantees 50% of a real estate loan to a veteran up to a guaranteed value of \$4,000. Under the Sparkman-Spence bill, the Veterans Administration guaranty could cover 60%, up to \$7,500.

Veterans Preference

The continuous and concerted drive to sabotage veterans preference could seriously affect the employment and retention rights of approximately 1,000,000 veterans now employed by the Federal Government, as well as thousands of World War II veterans who are taking education and training under the GI Bill in preparation for Federal employment.

The Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, by a divided vote, reported S. 660 which would amend the Veterans Preference Act to provide that non-veteran employees with 15 years or more service would not be in competition, in reduction in force, with veterans having less than 15 years of Federal employment. Should this bill be enacted into law, it would furnish the opponents of veterans preference with the opening wedge they have been seeking whereby they hope to completely sabotage veterans preference laws.

During hearings before the Senate Committee, the National Legislative Commission opposed S. 660, regardless of how it might be amended. In fact, the Commission has continually opposed all proposed legislation which would modify in any manner or form the Veterans Preference Law.

Members of the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary and all friends of veterans were requested to contact their Senators, requesting them to actively oppose and vote against S. 660 and any other legislation that may be proposed which would deprive veterans of a single benefit, no matter how minor it may be, which has heretofore been granted in veterans preference laws.

Veterans Employment Service

John Lewis Smith, Jr., Vice Chairman of the National Economic Commission, and the National Legislative Director, testified before the Senate Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments in support of Reorganization Plan No. 2. This plan would transfer the Bureau of Employment Security from the Federal Security Agency to the Department of Labor, and vest in the Secretary of Labor the functions of the Veterans Placement Board and of its Chairman.

Such a transfer would conform to the resolution adopted by the 1948 National Convention. Legion representatives stated that the principal concern of the Legion is the location of the Veterans Employment Service in the Department of Labor, believing that such change would advance the employment interests of veterans.

Prisoners of War

The Third Deficiency Appropriation Bill contained an appropriation for the War Claims Commission. This Commission, authorized by Public Law 896—80th Congress, that Prisoners of War would be reimbursed out of Japanese funds in an amount of \$1.00 per day for each day held prisoners on which the enemy Government failed to provide proper food. The First Deficiency Appropriation Bill heretofore approved contained a small appropriation to set up the War Claims Commission. The Third Deficiency Appropriation Bill originally included an estimate from the Bureau of the Budget of \$525,000 for the Commission. The House reduced this amount to \$281,250. In addition, the House inserted a provision providing that no part of this appropriation could be available for carrying out the provisions of the War Claims Act, authorizing the Commission to make a study of claims and recommendations to the Congress. On behalf of The American Legion, Harry V. Hayden, National Legislative Representative, testified before the Senate Committee on Appropriations urging that the appropriation be increased and that the provision forbidding funds to carry out the study and report by the Commission be stricken from the bill.

The President signed S. 811 to adjust the effective date of certain awards of

pensions and compensation payable by the Veterans Administration (Public Law 195—81st Congress). This law will give prisoners of war one year in which to file claims for veterans pensions and benefits, and provides that in cases where such claims are allowed, the award of pension or compensation shall be adjusted so as to be effective as of the date the claim would have been allowed if it had been filed within one year of the death, discharge from the Armed Forces, or the occurrence of age or any disability or increased disability giving rise to a claim for a pension.

Americanism

A subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee approved a revised version of the Mundt and Ferguson bills, similar to the Mundt-Nixon Bill in the 80th Congress, which was endorsed by the 1948 National Convention of The American Legion. Senator Mundt stated S. 2311 "sets up special machinery for preventing the possibility that innocent people may be falsely listed in subversive organizations or embarrassed through the technique of guilt by association." S. 2311 would:

1. Require registration of all Communist and Communist-front organizations.
2. Deny Federal employment and passports to Communists.
3. Require Communist literature and broadcasts to be so labeled.
4. Make it a crime to conspire to bring about a foreign-dominated dictatorship in the United States.
5. Set a maximum penalty of \$10,000 fine and 10 years in prison for passing secret Government documents to Communist or foreign agents.
6. Extend the statute of limitation in such cases to 10 years.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has heretofore favorably reported S. 595, relating to the internal security of the United States, which would greatly strengthen espionage laws to provide severe penalties for obtaining information respecting the national defense which might be used to the injury of the United States, or to the advantage of any foreign nation or who, having lawful possession of documents or material relating to the national defense, wilfully communicates or transmits or attempts to communicate or transmit the same to any person not entitled to receive it.

Enactment into law of these two bills would carry out a major portion of our priority legislative program on Americanism.

National Defense

National Commander Perry Brown appeared before the Senate Committee on Armed Services and presented The American Legion's concept of an overall, long-range National Defense Program. The National Commander also testified before the House Committee on Public Lands on the Bartlett Bill, H. R. 5008, "to authorize the construction and operation of a cement plant in the Territory of Alaska." The Commander had just returned from The American Legion Department of Alaska, where he had made a survey of the defense situation, and presented a complete report on the entire matter to the committee.

GI INSURANCE IS STILL AVAILABLE TO WW2 VETS

NSLI is still available to veterans of WW II who served between October 8, 1940, and September 2, 1945, even if they failed to take out insurance while they were in the active service. NSLI is available upon application, report of physical examination, and the payment of one monthly premium. Veterans may apply for the five year term plan or any one of the six permanent plans. The amount of insurance that may be applied for ranges from as low as one thousand dollars, up to ten thousand dollars.

Insurance medical examinations are given free of charge at any VA Hospital or at any VA Regional Office.

If you're keeping G.I. insurance—
HOLD ON TO IT

If you dropped G.I. insurance—
REINSTATE IT

If you never had G.I. insurance—
APPLY FOR IT

Why not write or contact the VA office nearest your home for forms and additional information?

Don't delay—**APPLY TODAY!!**

WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT

After a full year of delay, the War Claims Commission which will pass upon the claims of prisoners of war of WW2 has been named by President Truman. This Commission will administer Public Law 896, 80th Congress — the War Claims Act of 1948 — which provides for payment of \$1 per day for every day prisoners of war were not given the food allowance specified in the Geneva Conference of 1929.

The members of the Commission are: Daniel F. Cleary, Chicago, Illinois, lawyer, WW2 vet, employed in the Legislative Section of the Veterans Administration at Washington. He is a member of Cathedral Post No. 10, District of Columbia.

Mrs. Georgia L. Lusk, Santa Fe, New Mexico, rancher, teacher, County and State Superintendent of Schools, New Mexico; member of the 80th Congress and member of the House Veterans' Committee. Her three sons were in service in WW2, one of whom was killed in line of duty. She is a member of the Auxiliary at Santa Fe.

David N. Lewis, Bay Shore, New York, lawyer, WW2 veteran, now in the Office of Alien Property, Department of Justice, at Washington. He is a member of the Bay Shore Legion Post.

Organization of the Commission has not been completed. This magazine will give details of procedure in filing claims just as soon as the information is available from official sources. Former prisoners of war—this Act is inclusive of all theatres—are warned that sharpshooters have devised unofficial forms which they try to palm off on eligible claimants for a fee. The "forms" will probably not be recognized and, besides, no ex-POW need pay a fee for the forms or for assistance — Legion Service Office will be glad to help with the paperwork.

SEVEN SCOUT TROOPS ARE SPONSORED BY TWO POSTS

One of the really big jobs in the Legion's participation in Scouting has just been completed at Warren, Ohio, where two Legion Posts put on a quiet campaign that resulted in training leaders for the work, then the organization and sponsorship of seven Boy Scout Troops.

It all started last January, reports Edgar W. Wolfe, local Scout Executive, at a meeting of the Troop Committee of Clarence Hyde Post No. 278, sponsor of Troop 1. It was suggested that the time had come for the Legion to take a program for boys out into the communities where the boys live. Five housing projects in the city were pointed out as a fertile field for action. But, it was also suggested, trained manpower would be necessary to take on such a program. The upshot of it all was that a plan of action was drafted; members of com-

"Crusades of '50" Gets Under Way To Enroll Record Early Membership

The Legion has launched two energetic national drives, beginning in mid-August and continuing until December 31, to enroll a record advance membership for 1950. This mighty two-part campaign is known as the "Membership Crusades of '50."

The objective is to put The American Legion over the top as quickly as possible in its self-assigned national quota for 1950. That quota has been fixed at 3,554,540 members — exactly the same as for 1949.

An elaborate plan of action for the crusaders has been worked out and blueprinted to tie-in with and supplement the local membership campaigns of the more than 17,300 Legion Posts throughout the nation. Special awards for Posts as an incentive to do outstanding work have been set up.

A complete plan of the campaign outlining the details of the "Membership Crusades of '50" has been distributed to all Posts — in fact, the whole campaign is based on the local Post level. There is where the Legion strength lies.

Crusade Details

The plan of the crusades is easy to follow:

The first part of the crusade runs

from mid-August to Armistice Day on November 11, 1949. Its primary aim will be the complete re-enrollment for 1950 of all 1949 members. Posts are urged by the National Membership and Post Activities Committee to send out their annual statement of dues for 1950 as early as possible, not later than October 20. This is to be followed by second and third mailing of statements to members who fail to respond to the first call. But as nothing approaches the personal appeal, mop-up squads are to be organized to round up the late renewals and, of course, to pick up new members wherever possible. Re-enrollment, however, is the theme of the first campaign.

The second part is set for November 12 to December 31 when heavy accent will be placed on the enrollment of new members. Working under a general crusade committee, special teams of membership workers are expected to do canvassing missions. With compiled lists of eligibles in their areas, it is hoped that no veteran of the World Wars will be passed up.

Wherever possible the membership teams should be equipped to advise and assist WW2 vets in making up their applications to VA for the National Service Life Insurance dividend.

OKLAHOMA POST WINS FIRST PLACE IN HISTORY CONTEST

Seven posts in six departments carried off honors in the American Legion's 1949 national post history contest. Results were announced by National Historian Monte C. Sandlin of Florence, Ala., following a meeting of the contest judging board.

Herbert L. Schall, historian of Huff-Minor Post No. 14, Ponca City, Oklahoma, took first place, \$150 and a citation in the class for posts six years old and older.

Lester Fox, historian of South Fort Worth Post No. 569 of Fort Worth, Texas, placed No. 1 in the class for posts five years old and younger. A citation and \$100 were awarded this entry.

Runners-up in the six-year class are: Henry A. Dube, historian of Border Post No. 73, Sweet Grass, Montana, second place and \$100; W. I. Phipps, historian of Omaha Post No. 1, Omaha, Nebraska, third place and \$50. Honorable mention in this class went to: Dr. Louis L. Shapiro, historian of Edward M. McKee Post No. 131 of Whitestone, N. Y.; and George M. Day, historian of Elyria Post No. 12 of Elyria, Ohio.

Second place in the five-year and younger class and \$50 were awarded G. E. (Jerry) Edwards, historian of Excelsior Post No. 628 of Cleveland Heights, O.

Nation's Leaders Endorse Legion's Community Development Program

The American Legion's new national program of community development has received the enthusiastic approval of business and civic leaders throughout the country, according to scores of letters received at the National Headquarters. More than fifty newspapers were so impressed that the idea was given approving editorial treatment.

Paul G. Hoffman, ECA Administrator, wrote to National Commander Perry Brown:

"I noted with much interest the story in the Monday morning (July 4) papers of the community development program which The American Legion has undertaken. The program has, in my opinion, rich potentialities. If the local Posts carry it out energetically, a real contribution can be made to the maintenance of prosperity in our country."

Senator Ralph E. Flanders, (Vermont), wrote:

"I was very much interested in the newspaper accounts of the community development program. It seems to me that The American Legion has embarked on a very important undertaking. Certainly the local approach provided by these community economic surveys is an ideal method of attempting to solve the problem."

Other letters expressing the highest approval of the program have been received from John D. Biggers, President of Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Company; Walter D. Fuller, President of the Curtis Publishing Company; Phillip D.

Reed, Chairman of the Board, General Electric Company; Eugene Meyer, publisher of The Washington Post; William L. Chenery, Crowell-Collier Publishing Company; R. B. White, President of the B.&O. Railroad. These names are selected at random from a great number received by Commander Brown.

New Jobs and Housing

The objective of the new program, the initial announcement of which was made by National Commander Brown on July 4, is to create new jobs and housing in American cities and towns through the launching of new business enterprises. This is to be accomplished by organized community action everywhere to fill local needs and wants as determined by local consumer and family surveys.

The program is designed to bring back to modern America the old pioneer spirit of self-reliance through "self help" in solving local economic problems.

General Robert E. Wood, Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck & Company, has accepted appointment as Chairman of the National Advisory Committee for the new program. The Vice Chairmen are Past National Commander Franklin D'Olier, former President of Prudential Life Insurance Company, and Colonel E. V. Rickenbacker, President of Eastern Air Lines, and No. 1 ace of WW1. Members of the Committee include top names in the nation's business, industrial and civic life.

(Wild Bill) Donovan. He left the service in 1945 with the rank of Commander.

Legionnaire McGinnis served as Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate through the 80th Congress in 1947-48.

FOURTH BOYS' FORUM HELD AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

The fourth annual Boys' Forum of National Government, sponsored by the Legion to teach young men the mechanics of democratic government, was held at Washington July 29 to August 4, with activities centering around the campus of American University. Ninety-six teen-age delegates hailing from every State, all graduates of Boys' States, were enrolled.

Mike Hammond, 17, of Appleton, Wisconsin, was elected Boy President on the Nationalist ticket, defeating Robert R. Ball, Jr., Garden City, Kansas, Federalist. The elected Vice President is James O. Turner, of Trenton, Missouri.

President Truman received the group at the White House on Wednesday, August 3rd, when he told them that they would soon be responsible for running this country and that the Forum program would help prepare them for

COLLEGE GRADUATES AT RECORD HIGH IN 1949

A record-breaking 430,000 American students stepped off college platforms in June with diplomas tucked under their arms. This is more than treble the figure for 1929-30. What is more important—three-fourths of this army of college-trained graduates were wearing Army khaki or Navy blue four years ago.

The Federal Security Agency commented that this highest record reflects educational benefits under the GI Bill of Rights.

the job. High ranking officials of Government, including Speaker Sam Rayburn, Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, Attorney General Tom Clark addressed the young citizens, and they were permitted to interview and even quizz Senators, Representatives and heads of divisions of Government.

Vice President Alben Barkley delivered the commencement address at the Forum graduation ceremonies on Thursday, August 4th.

National Commander Perry Brown and other distinguished leaders of the Legion attended the Forum sessions as speakers or as instructors in details of government.

In addition to the practical work in Government through simulated organizations, the young men were taken on tours to historic shrines in and near Washington, and were entertained at a radio-press dinner at the Willard Hotel. Fred Othman, Scripps-Howard columnist; Albert L. Warner, MBS commentator, and Sir Willmott Lewis, correspondent for the London Times, were the speakers.

AMERICAN VETERANS HAVE LIVE LEGION IN SWEDEN

A little spot of the U.S.A., holding in social and fraternal bonds veterans of the U. S. Armed Forces in two World Wars now in the Land of the Vikings, is American Legion Post No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden. This outpost numbers 52 members and has been an active unit for many years.

The Post Commander is Arne Nabseth, prominent Swedish business executive, and the Vice Commander is Dr. Gustaf Strindberg, a nephew of Sweden's famed author, August Strindberg, and who was once upon a time Commander of Myron C. West Post, Beloit, Wisconsin. Nils Widstrand, Post Adjutant, in private life is a general staff editor of the Swedish Army.

Meetings are held once a month at the Sture Jarl Restaurant and Club, where, on American holidays, such as July 4th, Washington's Birthday and Armistice Day, there is special observance. On these occasions the American Ambassador and his staff are honored guests at the Legion dinners. The Auxiliary meets at the homes of members.

McGINNIS NAMED DIRECTOR LEGION PUBLIC RELATIONS

The appointment of Edward F. McGinnis, of Chicago, as Director of the National Public Relations Division of the Legion was announced in mid-July by National Commander Perry Brown. He was named to succeed Raymond H. Fields, Guthrie, Oklahoma, who resigned last March to return to his private newspaper and radio business.

Director McGinnis, a native of Chicago but who now resides in Washington, D. C., is a veteran of both World Wars and is a six-star Legionnaire who has had long service in his Post, County, Department and in the National Organization. A member of Chicago's Joseph G. Brophy Post No. 195, he is a Past Commander of Cook County; and has served on several important National Commissions, his latest appointment being that of a member of the National Public Relations Commission on which he has served since 1948.

An Air Forces sergeant in the First World War, he joined up with the Navy the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, and saw the war through to the finish. For a year he was in China and India with the O.S.S. under the command of Major General William J.

★ ★ LEGION ITEMS ★ ★

A husband-wife team were the top brass in Estill (South Carolina) Post No. 131 and Auxiliary Unit in 1949—Nathan J. Johnston as Commander and Mrs. Johnston as President. Both the Post and Unit were awarded the Most Distinguished Service Citation for having enrolled their quotas before Armistice Day. . . . William James (Jim) O'Neil, Harrisburg, Illinois, is the new Governor of Rotary District No. 216. A six-star Legionnaire, he helped organize the Legion in Oregon and was the first Commander of Coast Range Post No. 13, Mabel, in 1919. He is also a Past Commander of Harrisburg Post. . . . Lewis-Wilkinson Post No. 588, Red Oak, Missouri, is conducting a drive to secure Government markers for the unmarked graves of all veterans in its area.

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A new recruit for the Boston Braves is 18-year-old Bill Allen, Rochester, New York, for two years an outstanding pitcher for the Freeman Allen Post No. 1156 Junior Baseball team. In 20 Legion games Allen rolled up a record of 18 wins, losing the other two by one run each. He follows another Rochester Legion Junior into the Braves—Johnny Antonelli, star of Flower City Post No. 180 team, joined the Boston big leaguers last year after receiving a reported \$51,000 for signing. . . . Frostburg (Maryland) Post recently dedicated a \$165,000 Legion home. . . . Carlson-Collister-Gulden Post No. 67, Bertrand, Nebraska, contributed \$500 toward the erection of a local hospital. At a mass meeting the Post was named as leader in the fund-raising campaign, working with other civic groups.

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Organized two years ago, the Legion Honor Guard and Firing Squad is the pride of Waller-Bond Post No. 161, Haynesville, Louisiana. Completely uniformed and equipped, the Guard has a membership of 25 for immediate duty in caring for the last rites for returned war dead and for departed comrades. . . . More than 1,000 people turned out for the annual Memorial Day service conducted by Roslyn-Ronald Post No. 206, Roslyn, Washington, to dedicate the new veterans cemetery. It was also the 51st annual memorial in which James Bertello, leader of the Cle Elum band, participated as a band musician, his first being at the close of the Spanish-American War.

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In November, 1946, Dennis Estes Post No. 61, Yellville, Arkansas, came in for a lot of national publicity when it sponsored its first National Wild Turkey Calling Contest and Turkey Trot. The event was repeated in 1947 and 1948, each one producing an unchallenged Wild Turkey Calling Champion, and is preparing for the 1949 contest. The serious motive

prompting the attraction is to promote the restoration and conservation of wild turkeys in that section of the Ozark Mountains which once abounded in this species. . . . Newest Post in South Carolina is Harter-Hickman-Hensley Post No. 159 at Port Royal, organized on July 29th.

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Richard H. Fisher is the 1949-50 Commander of Richmond Hill (New York) Post No. 212, and his wife, Mrs. Phyllis Fisher, is Commander of Queens County Women's Post No. 1515. But service-Legion affiliation goes back another generation; Commander Fisher and his father-in-law, George Kuchman, Past Commander of Richmond Hill Post, served in the 27th Division, the elder in WW1 and the younger in WW2. Mrs. Kuchman and her daughter served in the Navy in the two wars; the daughter of the Fishers is an Auxiliare, as is also the sister of Mrs. Fisher, Georgine. Family score, four Legionnaires; two Auxiliaries. . . . John F. Lewert, Jr., Scranton, Pennsylvania, WW2 vet of 5 years' service, took up watchmaking after demobilization. He made a skeletonized watch of unique design which captured third prize at the United Horological Association convention in Chicago.

WASHINGTON NATL. STAFF MOVED TO NEW QUARTERS

The American Legion's National staff in Washington has been removed to temporary offices in the Walker Building, 734 15th Street, N. W., pending the erection of a new seven-story headquarters building at the old location at 1608 K Street, N. W. The Legion will occupy the second and third floors of the Walker Building. The telephone number, Executive 4811, will remain the same.

Seventy-six employees were involved in the move. They represent the Legion offices of Rehabilitation, Legislation, Economics, Americanism and Public Relations. The old four-story red brick building which the Washington branch of the National Headquarters has owned and occupied since 1934 will be torn down. Under present plans, the new building to replace it will be ready for occupancy late in 1950.

Commemorating his 30th anniversary as a member of Semper Fidelis Post No. 356, Buffalo, New York, Jay T. Barnsdall, Jr., attorney, presented to the Post a home site and recreation grounds in Wyoming County comprising about 28 acres. The property is about 45 miles from Buffalo, and is in an ideal spot for summer living and sports, boating, fishing and outdoor living, and in winter, skating, skiing, coasting, and hunting. Mr. Barnsdall acquired the property sev-

eral years ago for a private hunting and fishing grounds for himself and friends. . . . Marne Post No. 13, Plainfield, Illinois, has just completed a community service project of immense importance. An old gravel pit near the city was taken over in 1947, and plans were made for a badly needed park and swimming pool. There was a lot to be done by volunteer labor of Legionnaires and friends and last year the work went slowly—but as the nearest public swimming place was nine miles distant the need was pressing. Speeded up, the beach, swimming pool and park was opened to the public in June, 1949, and has been a great success. Legion Park is a real community asset.

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The 43 Posts of Kansas City, Missouri, joined together in the purchase of the former Scottish Rite Temple, a massive stone structure erected in 1920 and 1930 at a cost of \$1,250,000. The Legion took over the property for \$300,000, cash down. The building will provide meeting places for all the Legion units; the main auditorium has 2,000 seats and its stage is one of the largest in Kansas City. More than 1,000 persons can be served in the basement dining room, and there are more than 50 other rooms of various sizes, suitable for a wide range of simultaneous gatherings. In addition to the local Posts, the new Legion building will house the offices of the Department of Missouri, and the Kansas City Legion Central Executive Committee. Homer A. Cope, is Chairman of the City Central and Arthur G. Wahlstedt is President of the American Legion Trust Association which holds title to the property.

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United States Bureau of Internal Revenue Post No. 39, District of Columbia, made the award of Legion School Medals at the Capitol Page School, located in the U. S. Capitol, at the summer commencement. The presentations were made by Commander William J. Holliman and Hon. John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, was the principal speaker. . . . A half century ago "Cloverly Farm," near West Chester, Pennsylvania, was one of the show places of that section; now it is the home of Bernhard F. Schlegel Post No. 134, and one of the show places of the entire Legion. Fine old home, handsomely furnished, with its 19½ acres of surrounding grounds, is debt-free. Two cannon, formerly the property of General George A. McCall Post, GAR, are posted at the front pointing toward the Brandywine Battlefield, only five miles away.

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When Ernest J. Borgna, Post No. 411, Jessup, Pennsylvania, dashes off for night classes at Post School of Advertising he usually meets son, Joseph, coming home from a Scranton business college. Both are WW2 vets and both are completing their education under the G.I. Bill of Rights. . . . George D. Worth Post No. 574, Georgetown, Ohio, membership 170—40 more than home town—has purchased a 72-acre lake front tract for a recreational park. Cost, \$35,000.

LEGION IS ERECTING NEW BUILDING AT WASHINGTON



A 7-story building of monumental design will be erected at the old Legion address, 1608 K Street, N. W., in Washington to care for the needs of the branch of National Headquarters in the National Capital. Work on the structure will start just as soon as the old 4-story converted residence can be cleared away, and it is expected that it will be completed and ready for occupancy in late 1950.

The old building has been owned and occupied by the Legion since 1934, but was much too small to care for the expanded staff made necessary by the increased membership following the close of the Second World War and the resultant increased load placed upon the branch headquarters. Even before the end of the war, the need for a greatly enlarged staff could be foreseen and plans to meet the needs were laid. A lot was purchased at Louisiana Avenue and Avenue D, N. W., as a building site. Later, when it was decided to retain the K Street location, long associated with the Legion, this building lot was sold at a substantial profit. The new building will be paid for out of a reserve fund set up some years ago for that express purpose.

The new structure will provide the Washington branch of the National Headquarters with adequate working space and facilities for the Rehabilitation, Legislative, and Economic Commissions, and other divisions of the national

organization, such as Americanism, which maintain personnel at Washington. In addition, the building will have offices for the National Commander and staff personnel and several conference rooms for the use of the National Committees which meet periodically in the Capital. The plans for the structure were developed by a special Sub-Committee on Enlarging National Headquarters headed by Past National Commander Milo J. Warner, of Toledo, Ohio. Architects for the new Washington building are Britsch & Munger, of Toledo, Ohio, and Giesecke, Kuehne & Brooks, of Austin, Texas.

72 LEGION POSTS ENROLL MORE THAN 2,000 MEMBERS

Seventy-two American Legion Posts in 28 states have mustered 2,000 or more members for 1949 during the first six months of this year according to reports made by Department Adjutants.

Omaha, (Nebraska) Post No. 1 again was the pace-setter for the large posts in 1949. It reported an enrollment by June 30 of 15,216. The Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1 of Denver, Colorado, was second with 10,246 members and Memphis, (Tennessee) Post No. 1 was third with 9,100. The Harvey W. Seeds Post No. 29 of Miami, Florida, shot up to fourth place with 5,301 members. Lincoln, (Nebraska) Post No. 3

also reached the 5,000-member class by placing fifth with 5,026.

Pennsylvania reported 8 of the big posts, Illinois, Iowa and New York 7 each, California, Tennessee and West Virginia 3 each and Arizona, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Ohio, South Dakota, Texas and Washington 2 each. Reporting one each were Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon and Wisconsin.

LEGION CHILD WELFARE AID RUNS TO \$5,000,000 IN 1949

During the year just ended, the American Legion national organization spent \$86,584.71 of its own funds in direct cash assistance to children of veterans. But during the same period the entire organization, including Departments, local Posts and the affiliated groups of the Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight and the Eight and Forty, brought aid and service to children amounting to \$5,067,538.18. This brings the 25-year Legion total for child welfare to the impressive figure of \$73,017,202.57, reports Miss Emma C. Puschner, the Legion's National Child Welfare Director.

"Even in these days when Government statistics must of necessity deal in millions and billions of dollars, this is a very respectable sum of money," says Miss Puschner. "As an organization we have every right to be proud of the very real contribution to the welfare of children which this expenditure represents. Child welfare is, like all basic Legion programs, fundamentally an activity of the individual Posts, and we must all remember that the money, goods and services which the Legion units are called upon to give are dispensed primarily because there is some lack in our public program."

"The American Legion's responsibility to children of WW1 parentage is just ended, while responsibilities for WW2 children are just beginning," Miss Puschner continued. "In 1945 the National Child Welfare Division was called upon to help only a handful of WW2 children—an average of 20 per month. In 1946 the average increased to 110; in 1947 it was 223; in 1948, 328, and for the first half of 1949 the monthly average of WW2 children reached 360. When we shall reach the peak in aid to WW2 children depends upon many factors—general economic conditions, future birth rates, the adequacy or inadequacy of public aid for children, and, of course, the amount of funds available to the Child Welfare Division for temporary financial assistance."

The peak child welfare year for WW1 was reached in 1935 when there were between nine and ten millions of children of veterans. There are today about 22½ million children of vets and it is predicted that the peak will not be reached until about 1962 or 1963 when children of veterans will number between 30 and 35 million.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

410th Bomb. Group, 644th Sqdrn.—1st Lieut. R. Brooks is requested to write Clarence Benson, Susquehanna, Pa. Statement needed.

372nd Group, Sqdrn. 7, Army Air Base, Muroc, Cal.—Need to locate men who served with me, especially Captain Warren Huff, commander. Statement for claim. Write Niles M. Hansen, Stromsburg, Neb.

Blytheville AAB—Will Captain Wilson who treated Marine Private James Wells in 1944 contact him at Leachville, Ark., to aid in establishing a claim.

Baton Rouge, La., Army Base, 1918—Wanted, to locate Dr. White, USN, Sgt. Baker, and Pvt. Fred M. Naber, who served at above station. Need help in my claim for service-connection. Harry A. Bozeman, RFD No. 2, Baton Rouge, La.

35th Division—Will Carol Wilson, (born Girdon, Ark.), who served in 35th Div., WWI, and Major Edgar Bragg, Air Corps, France, 1918, please write Norman D. Ellis, Clarksville, Tex. Needs help to support claim.

27th Military Police, Fort McClellan, Ala.—Men who remember Frank Cole, 229 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y., receiving blow on head in company motor pool in February, 1941, and also civilians near Shelbyville, Tenn., who in June, 1941, gave him first aid in their home, are requested to write him at above address, MP present at Shelbyville also please write.

1st Armored Division, African and Italian campaigns—Paging 1st Lieut. Elmer E. Davis, whose home was in Ohio. Write James K. Davis, 1161 N. 6th St., Hermiston, Ore.

Base Hospital, Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y.—Need to find George Duke, Wardmaster, GM Ward at above hospital in September, 1918, also Captain Jones, MC, Private Parker, orderly, Sgt. Thomas Brown, (formerly of Everett, Mass.), Lieut. Wright, MC, and Della Brew, nurse, all in service at General Hospital No. 1, N. Y. City, October, 1918, until April, 1919. Assistance required to prove claim. L. G. Wilson, 512 Seventh St., Moundsville, W. Va.

78th Hospital Group, New Orleans Staging Area—Want to locate Lieut. G. M. Wick, Captain Green, Lieut. Powell or any officer at station in April, 1943. Need help to establish claim. Marion R. Canfield, Riverview Hotel, Metropolis, Ill.

U.S.S. Saratoga, 1st Division—Would like to hear from shipmates on board during the torpedoing of ship off Guadalcanal in August, 1942. Need help to establish claim. Walter W. Wicks, 208½ West Main St., Valley City, N. Dak.

U.S. Naval Air Station, Key West, Fla. (WW1)—H. A. (Whitey) Person, station bugler, needs help to establish claim, particularly needs to contact Yeoman Jimmy Redding of Capt. Gould's office; Yeoman "Dusty" Rhodes, Lt. Gardner, USNMC, or other shipmates in guard company on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918. Write Rev. H. A. Person, Box 84, Bruceton Mills, W. Va.

Station Hospital, Camp Crowder, Mo.—Buddies who remember my fall through a truck bed while on duty at Fort Snelling, Minn., please write Capt. Clifford D. Schmidt, Box 79, Swanville, Minn.

Hdqrs., 2nd Bn., 354th Infantry, 89th Div. (WW2)—Want to locate witnesses to an upset truck in Germany, when I was injured (but was given only field treatment). Particularly need statements of 1st Lieut. Epstein, Supply Officer; S/Sgt. Glick, Supply Sgt., and S/Sgt. Steiner and Celoni, cooks. Write Alex C. Evaskus, 215 West 5th St., Spring Valley, Ill.

Battery D, 537th Sep. Bn., CAAA—Officers and men who remember me, please write; was transferred to combat Infantry in 1943. Need help in a disability claim. Edgar L. Warren, Rt. 1, Forest City, Ark.

Co. C, 728th Railway Oper. Bn., Camp Hara-han, La.—Would like to contact anyone who served with me at above station from December, 1942, to March, 1943, who remembers the trouble I had with my feet and legs, and also of me being sent to hospital a number of times. Write John H. Madine, RR1, Beardstown, Ill.

Paging D. H. Bloch, ex-New York City—Urgently need statement of Bloch who was in hospital (Haddon Hall) Atlantic City, N. J., with me in September, 1942. He had a sister, Lucy, and a brother, Capt., MC, at Walter Reed Hosp. Write Locke M. Boyd, Sr., 1365 S. Ann St., Mobile 20, Ala.

Base Hospital 131—Will Alfred Ralstaed, X-diet cook, at above station from November, 1918, to February, 1919, please contact James H. Walker, Rt. 1, Box 217, Leeds, Ala., who needs help in proving his claim.

52nd General Hospital—Urgently need to locate Captain Driske, MC, Army, formerly of Chicago, Ill., who in 1944 was with above hospital at Kitten-minster, England. A medical statement is needed for purpose of record. Write Victor Lane, Veterans Service Office, Monticello, Ga.

451st Bomb Group—Crew members, particularly John Dayton; statements urgently needed for

claim. Write me. William B. Fankell, Clear Lake, Iowa.

159th AACS Sqdrn.—Statements needed from S/Sgt. Thomas E. Dodd and Sgt. Clark who were with me in China. Am stymied until their evidence is given. Write E. W. Prescott, General Delivery, Hendersonville, N. C.

Co. B, 4th Engineers, 4th Inf. Div.—Urgently need to locate Charles W. Norris, last known address Washington, D. C., to obtain statement. Please write. Charles V. Brown, 152 State St., Hamburg, Pa.

2nd Bn., Hdqrs. Co., 8th Inf. Regt., 4th Div.—Will anyone who served with me overseas or in States please write. Am in need of statements to support claim. David Weiss, 1101 King Ave., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

4th Cavalry Association—2nd annual reunion at Cleveland, Ohio, October 7-8; headquarters, Hotel Hollenden. Reservations and details from Charles V. Hunter, Chairman, Radio Station WJW, Playhouse Square, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, both WWs, Providence, R. I., September 3-5; headquarters, Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel. Contact William Barton Bruce, Sr., Secretary, 48 Ayrault St., Providence 8, R. I.

6th Armored Division—Annual reunion at Hotel Roosevelt, Pittsburgh, Pa., September 2-4. For details write William E. Rutledge, Jr., Secy.-Treas., P. O. Box A, Yadkinville, N. C.

7th Armored Division Assn.—3rd annual reunion New York City, October 8-9; headquarters, Hotel Shelton, Lexington Ave., and 49th Street. For info write Malcolm Mackenzie, President, N. Y. Regional Chapter, 7th Armored Div. Assn., 3 Knollwood Rd., Yonkers 2, N. Y.

9th (Hitler's Nemesis) Infantry Div., Illinois Chapter—3rd annual midwest convention at Chicago, September 17; headquarters, Sherman Hotel. Info from Illinois Chapter, 9th Inf. Div. Assn., Box 855, Chicago 90, Ill.

43rd (Winged Victory) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Fort Varnum, Narragansett Pier, R. I. September 9-11. Details and reservations from George E. Cole, State Armory, Hartford 6, Conn.

34th (Red Bull) Infantry Division—3rd annual reunion at Minneapolis, Minn. September 10-11; headquarters, Hotel Nicolet. Both WWs; division history will be available at meeting. For info write Brigadier General P. C. Bettenburg, National Guard Armory, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

78th (Lightning) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Fort Dix, N. J., September 9-11. Mail reservations to John Gehgan, Secretary, 697 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

90th (Texas-Oklahoma) Infantry Division—(Both WWs)—Annual reunion at Tulsa, Okla., November 4-6. Write Joe T. Parkinson, Secretary, Adkar Bldg., 215 West 4th St., Tulsa, Okla.

91st (Evergreen) Infantry Division—31st annual reunion at San Francisco, Cal., September 23-25; headquarters, Room 128, Veterans Building. Banquet and show on 24th, Scottish Rite Auditorium. For details write Peter Leffert, Chairman, 630 Vienna St., San Francisco 12, Cal.

100th (Century) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at New York City, September 9-11; headquarters, Hotel Commodore, Lexington Ave., at 42nd Street. All 100th vets urged to attend. Make early reservations. For details write the Century Association, P. O. Box 86, Hartford, Conn.

AEF Siberian Association—27th and 31st Infantry, 1918-20; annual reunion dinner at Chicago, Ill., October 15. Write Wm. A. Thomas, 2625 N. Sacramento St., Chicago 47, Ill., for details and reservations.

11th F.A. Veterans' Association—25th annual reunion at Baltimore, Md., September 2-5; headquarters, Lord Baltimore Hotel. Further info from R. J. Summers, Secretary, 81 Ampere Parkway, East Orange, N. J.

36th Engineers, WW1—Reunion planned; former members contact G. H. Swale, 90 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., or Ed Weiler, 1430 Vincennes Ave., Chicago Heights, Ill.

2nd Naval District Reserve Band—31st annual reunion at the Narragansett Hotel, Providence, R. I., Sunday, November 6th. Contact William Hall, 1017 Plymouth Ave., Fall River, Mass., for details.

Hdqrs. Squadron, 58th Air Service Group—2nd annual reunion at New York City, September 3-5; headquarters, Park Sheraton Hotel, 7th Ave. and 55th St. For reservations write Lester Johnson, 1286 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

56th Regt. CAC Veterans' Association—31st annual reunion at Stamford, Conn., September 4. For reservations write Fred S. Fowler, President, P. O. Box 233, Glenbrook, Conn.

400th Armored F. A. Battalion—4th annual reunion at Fort Wayne, Ind., September 10; headquarters, Hotel Van Orman. Write Ray Hartel, Treasurer, 3751 West 47th Place, Cleveland, Ohio, or Russell L. Harnish, Reunion Chairman, 1007 Dearborn St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Co. F, 329th Inf., 83rd Div.—Silver anniversary reunion at Lima, Ohio, September 18. All vets invited. Info and reservations from George W. Keller, Secretary, 1620 Grand Ave., Dayton 7, Ohio.

Co. B, 137th Inf., 35th Div.—Reunion at Hol-ton, Kans., September 25. Write Floyd A. McGehe, Secretary, Holton, Kans.

178th QM Co.—2nd annual reunion at Middle-town, Ohio, September 3-5; headquarters, American Legion hall. Reservations and details from Mark Anthony, 1306 Eaton Ave., Middletown, Ohio.

Majors Army Air Field, Central Flying Training Command, 8th Corps Area, Greenville, Tex.—Annual reunion of Training Command personnel over Labor Day weekend, September 3-5; all sessions at former Officers Club, Majors Field. Reservations from Doyle A. Webb, P. O. Box 866, Marshall, Texas.

USS Ommamey Bay—Survivors and former personnel on Task Force 77 ships and units who desire to form association or sectional groups contact John J. Cassidy (ex-Ommamey Bay and Mississippi) 64-36c 186th Lane, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

XIII Corps Association—3rd annual reunion at New York City, September 17-18; headquarters, Hotel Woodstock. For info write Dallas C. Over-ton, Chairman, 290 Jamaica Blvd., Carle Place, L. I., N. Y.

National Organization of World War Nurses—Reunion breakfast, New Jersey Department, September 10, 8 A.M., during Legion Convention at Wildwood, N. J. Breakfast at Hotel Dayton. Contact Mary B. Henley, Secretary, 31 Kenzel Ave., Nutley 10, N. J.

American Railroad Transportation Corps—Reunion, both WWs, at Buffalo, N. Y., September 24-25; headquarters, Hotel Statler. Write Gerald J. Mrray, National Adjutant, Hotel Sun, Scranton, Pa.

Task Force 4—Reunion planned; all former personnel interested write Box 41, Garrison, N. Y.

Co. G, 410th Inf., 103rd Div.—Reunion at Chicago, Ill., September 16-17. Write A. J. Thoenning, 2512 Burr Oak Ave., Blue Island, Ill.

791st MP Battalion—Reunion at Atlanta, Ga., October 15-16. Former members contact Acting Secy. William P. Ryan, 1045 Arden Ave. SW, Atlanta, Ga.

141st Pursuit Squadron (AC, WW1)—30th annual reunion at Reno, Nev., September 2-4. Write Edwin D. Vaughan, Reunion Chairman, 1644 West Sunset Drive, Reno, Nev.

Rhode Island Ex-Servicemen—Reunion of all R. I. women, both WWs, at Narragansett Hotel, Providence, September 10. Meeting sponsored by Rhode Island Women's Post No. 44, American Legion. Write Miss Alice L. McGrath, General Chairman, 238 Saratoga St., Providence 5, R. I., to register and for information.

203rd CA (AA)—Reunion at Webb City, Mo., September 18. Write Marvin V. Carver, Mt. Vernon, Mo.

USS Thomas Jefferson (APA 30)—2nd annual reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., September 24; headquarters, Hotel Penn-Sheraton, 38th and Chestnut Sts. Contact Michael T. Sullivan, 3926 Locust St., Philadelphia 4, Pa.

115th Engineers Bn. (C)—Both WWs; reunion being planned for summer 1950. Write Harold Shontz, P. O. Box 566, Crescent City, Cal.

Co. K, 137th Inf., 35th Div. (WW1)—Annual reunion at Independence, Kans., September 25; headquarters, Memorial Hall. Write George G. Meeske, Secretary, 506 Maple St., Coffeyville, Kans.

163rd Infantry (Montana, formerly of 41st Div.)—Annual reunion at Helena, Mont., September 16-18. Details from James F. Neely, Reunion Chairman, Arsenal Bldg., Helena, Mont.

USS Butte (APA 68)—Reunion planned to be held in St. Louis in 1950. Interested personnel contact Robert Bradbury, 1145 Diaz St., St. Louis 23, Mo.

4th Submarine Flotilla, Azores Islands (WW1)—All personnel, fall in for reunion. Contact Jim Quinn, 103-58 101st Street, Ozone Park 16, N. Y.

Co. K, 110th Infantry—3rd reunion at Monongahela, Pa., September 3-4. Write to C. L. Chattaway, Secretary, 708 Sampson St., Monongahela, Pa.

110th Engineers, AEF—31st reunion and banquet at Aladdin Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., September 25. For reservations and info write George T. Reddant, Secretary, 1708 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City 8, Mo.

40th Engineers Regt. (C)—Annual reunion at Hotel Fort Shelby, Detroit, Mich., on September 3-4. Information from D. L. Byrnes, 18307 Winthrop, Detroit 19, Mich.

Co. 6, 1st Air Service Mechanics Regt., AEF—Annual reunion at Hotel Piccadilly, 227 W. 45th St., New York City, October 22. Information from Edwin Lord, 11 Otis St., Everett 49, Mass.

Co. I, 164th Inf. (WW2)—2nd annual reunion at Legion Hall, Wahpeton, N. Dak., October 22. Details from Ira A. Keeney, President, 303 N. Third St., Wahpeton, N. Dak.

103rd Med. Regt. and Bn., 28th Div.—Annual reunion at Wellsboro, Pa., October 22. Information from James McMullen, R2, Wellsboro, Pa.

East Side YMCA, NYC—Old timers reunion dinner, both WWs, at Turn Hall, Lex. Ave. and 85th St., New York, October 5. Send names and reservations to Phil Braunais, RKO Bldg., 86th St. and Lex. Ave., New York City.

"Protect Our Child Life" is Theme for Legion's Safety Campaign in September

Last year 2,400 youngsters ranging in ages from 5 to 14 years made the supreme sacrifice to carelessness and neglect. While 2,400 lost their lives, another 180,630 were injured in varying degrees. Thousands of these injured are permanently maimed or disfigured.

These are startling figures. But they tell better than anything else why The American Legion interests itself in safety programs—conservation of life is of the utmost importance. To put this interest into works, the September theme of "Operation Safety"—of which the Legion is a co-sponsor — is Child Safety. The slogan for the month is "Protect Our Child Life."

It is time we call a halt. While the press displays banner headlines and radio commentators are exhausted by a continuous appeal for aid for the injured and relief for distressed families of those having died, our nation's populace seems unmoved by the major disaster and the terrible roll of needless deaths.

How many of your neighbors are bowed in grief because of the loss or injury of a child in an accident? What is being done in your community to avert further tragedies?

Within the past several years, especially during the summer months, we have witnessed near panic in several of our States. For months thousands of parents were bordering on hysteria in fear of a virus-polio. Millions of dollars have been raised for research in an attempt to develop preventive measures. While some 25,000 (National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis estimate for 1948) individuals, mostly children, were afflicted with this dread disease the fatalities average 5 to 10 percent, for an overall average of 7.5 percent, or 1,875.

Compare 1,875 polio victims with 2,400 accident victims, or 25,000 stricken with 180,630 injured.

In the light of public reaction to the accident toll when preventive measures are known, what can we expect after a preventive or cure for infantile paralysis is found . . . the same carelessness and neglect?

The accident toll is a national disgrace. In 1946, President Truman called a National Conference on Highway Safety. With the objective of saving lives and halting the terrific drain on the economic resources of America, an Action Program was devised. As an outgrowth of the Action Program the National Safety Council sponsors a program known as "Operation Safety." This program is a year-round traffic safety educational campaign for local communities. Using a different theme each month, it affords opportunity for maximum co-operation of groups and individuals to supplement continuing programs of highway and traffic safety.

The Legion is a part of this movement and it has volunteered to carry the Child Safety theme of "Operation Safety" through the month of September. The theme is particularly appealing to the men and women of the Legion, and the slogan is one that, with variations, has been used by Legionnaires for thirty years—"Protect Our Child Life." This is a "must."

September is a special time of the year for parents as well as for the children of the family. Youngsters are returning to school. Many of the little ones are starting off to school for the first time. All need to be reminded again of the importance of safe habits. The September program of "Operation Safety" places special emphasis on the child's own participation in safety activities and his responsibility for learning safe traffic habits.

The American Legion is co-sponsor of the September "Operation Safety" program. Thousands of Legion Posts will bend every effort toward the reduction of the accident toll. Other organizations, as well as individuals, will also be actively engaged in the promotion of safety. This will be to no avail—unless the people of the nation awaken to the necessity of teaching and heeding preventive measures.

Protect Our Child Life—Parents, teach your children the basic rules of safety, or neglect may well lead to a sacrifice to carelessness!

WEST VIRGINIA POST GETS EARLY START FOR MEMBERS

Adkins District Post No. 38, Gary, West Virginia, located in a mining community in the southernmost part of the Mountain State—is setting a pace that will keep other Posts in that Department humming. The Post had an enrolled membership 1,336 for 1949, a record that was away above its quota. When the 31st Department Convention convened at Wheeling on July 3rd, R. H. Moore and Andrew H. Hamlet, representing the Gary unit, were on hand with a check

for \$1,905.75 to pay for 847 Post memberships for 1950. Department Adjutant Bud Tesch announced that this was a new record for early memberships in West Virginia.

Allen G. Thompson, Jr., Post Adjutant, reports that the membership teams completed the record enrollment on June 29.

Among its notable works in 1949, Adkins District Post paid over \$10,000 to Washington and Lee University to set up a scholarship in memory of Lt. James Robert Howard, of Gary, who was killed in action in WW2.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA JUNE 30, 1949

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$1,129,496.46
Receivables	131,631.91
Inventories	545,857.51
Invested Funds	959,265.96
Permanent Investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	249,728.25
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	1,041,582.56
Real Estate, less depreciation	273,729.16
Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment, less depreciation	281,342.70
Deferred Charges	117,029.80
	<u>\$4,729,664.31</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 275,676.50
Funds Restricted as to use	285,762.60
Deferred Revenue	1,102,929.14
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	\$ 249,728.25
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	1,041,582.56
	1,291,310.81
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital	750,128.90
Unrestricted Capital	1,023,856.36
	<u>1,773,985.26</u>
	<u>\$4,729,664.31</u>

FRENCH UNDERGROUND CHIEF HUNTING FLYERS HE HELPED

After the fall of France in 1940, Lieutenant Bretegnier went underground and was one of the chiefs of the maquis unit "Cesar". Through his assistance some 30 Americans were returned to their units from the forests of Verneuil sur Indre and Baugerais via the Underground, writes Commander Charles Denby Wilkes, Commander of Paris Post No. 1.

Lieutenant Bretegnier is trying to get in touch with some of the American Air Force officers who were shot down in the Loches, Chateauroux region, in France in August, 1944, and whom he helped to escape. Commander Wilkes asks that these men write Paris Post, The American Legion, 49 rue Pierre Charron, Paris, France, or direct to Lieutenant Bretegnier, 12eme RD, SP 50010, BPM 519, TOA, France.

RUFUS BETHEA, NATIONAL FIELD SERVICE, IS DEAD

Death has taken Rufus H. Bethea, National Field Representative of The American Legion. Ill but a short time, he passed away at Atlanta, Georgia, on July 19. A thirty-year Legionnaire, he had been attached to the Legion's Field Service since 1945 with headquarters at Atlanta, serving the area including Georgia, Alabama and Florida.

Legionnaire Bethea was Department Commander of Alabama in 1931; National Executive Committeeman for that Department, 1932-34, and a member of important National Committees continuously from 1932 until he entered the employ of the National Organization in 1945. Funeral service and interment took place at his former home at Birmingham, Alabama, July 21. He is survived by his widow and two children.

Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

September, 1949

NSLI BLANKS COMING AUGUST 29: Application blanks for the \$2,800,000 National Service Life special dividend will be available on August 29, VA Administrator Carl R. Gray, Jr., has announced...Government Printing Office ran off 70,000,000 of the forms, which will be distributed through post-offices, Legion Posts and other vet organizations in every community....Application forms are short and simple and few vets will need assistance in filing their claims - but in any case Legion Service Officers will not only supply the forms but will gladly give any needed help....VA warns that application cards are made in special size and printed on type of paper to fit the installed computing and recording machines....Over-zealous outfits that have their own blanks printed in order to speed up applications will hinder and delay processing, thus rendering a distinct disservice to veterans....Such off-standard or off-size cards will have to be thrown out of the production line....Rest easy after application is filed - the program is of such tremendous proportions that time is required to work things out....Any letters of inquiry sent to VA will only serve to delay, without doing the claim any good....When the checks start flowing out some time in January, 1950, the mailing is expected to reach a maximum of 200,000 daily.

* * * *

Administrator Gray has announced that the first phase of the huge insurance dividend operation has been completed....High-speed microfilming machines have completed the job of photographing the last group of more than 22,000,000 premium record cards....Only the V-Mail program during the war topped this VA project in volume....These cards were drawn in from 14 cities across the country and processed so that there would be no interference with the daily use of the "live" cards in the District offices...."Operation Dividend" now enters into the phase of setting up master files at Washington so that the applications may be handled promptly when received at the Central Office. The entire operation is a mechanical one, with more than 3,200 intricate machines - key punches, sorters, collectors, interpreters and posting units - being used in one of the largest single concentrations of such machines in the country...More

than 3,000 new employees were hired to handle the refund operation and they, with the regulars assigned to the job, are working in staggered shifts to produce and process the millions of punched cards from which later will be computed the amount of dividend to which each one of the 16,000,000 WW2 policy-holder vets is entitled....This is not a benefit or a grant from the Government - it is a refund of overpayment on insurance from a vast surplus....Nearly every WW2 vet will come in for a slice of the melon.

* * * *

NO NSLI DIVIDEND FOR AIR CADETS: The Senate Appropriations Committee voted down payment of GI insurance dividends to war-time Aviation Cadets who, during period of training, held policies on which the Government paid the premiums....VA Administrator Gray had held that the wartime Cadets were entitled to receive refunds the same as if they had paid the premiums themselves....Comptroller General Lindsay Warren held that the dividends should revert back to the Government which originally paid the premiums...Senate Committee upheld Comptroller Warren and recommended that the VA be barred from making such payments....VA estimates that 500,000 Aviation Cadets are affected by the decision, involving more than \$20,000,000....The ruling, of course, does not affect the right of the Cadets to receive their share of the dividend on policies taken after they entered general service and on which they paid their own premiums.

* * * *

DELAWARE VOTES WW2 VET BONUS: At a special election held in Delaware on July 19 the voters approved a "yes" or "no" referendum to pay a bonus to the State's WW2 vets -- by a vote of more than five to one....No specific provisions were included in the referendum, which was intended to be advisory to the Legislature of the wishes of the electors....Governor Elbert N. Carvel has announced that he will convene the Legislature in special session "soon" to take the necessary action in setting up rates of payment, rules governing eligibility, and to provide for the payment of such a bonus....The Legion's proposal made to the last regular session of the Legislature calls for \$15 per month state-side service and \$20 per month for foreign

service up to a maximum of 15 months....
This rate would fix a maximum of \$225 for
all home service and \$300 for foreign, or
mixed home and foreign.

* * * *

INDIANA STARTS BONUS MACHINERY: The first steps in the payment of a bonus to Indiana's WW2 vets was taken on July 14 when Governor Henry F. Schricker drew the first application from a mail bag....Governor Schricker came up with the application of ex-Army Private Daniel Holom, 28, Hammond, Indiana, veteran of Normandy and Northern France campaigns and winner of the Purple Heart and two bronze stars....Work of processing the flood of applications started immediately after this initial ceremony....It is expected that 400,000 applications will be received before the deadline on December 31, 1950....Though claims will be processed as received, no payments will be made until sufficient funds have accumulated to pay all vets at one time....The bonus fund is being built from increased gross income tax....Approximate date of payment is 1954....Hoosier vets living out of the State get their applications from Indiana Department of Veterans Affairs, 431 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

* * * *

COMMUNIST TRICKERY: A thorough-going handbook of the ways and wiles of communists in infiltrating and dominating labor and other similar groups is provided in the 3rd revised and enlarged edition of Karl Baarslag's Communist Trade Union Trickery Exposed....Readers of this magazine will remember two highly informative articles, "How to Spot a Communist," (January, 1947), and "Slick Tricks of the Commies," (February, 1947), which were condensed from this handbook....The new edition, expanded and revised to meet new conditions, with illustrations and a bibliography, can be had from the Argus Publishing Company, 55 East Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois, at \$1 per copy or 5 copies for \$3.

* * * *

BATTLE OF BULGE MEMORIAL: Belgium will erect a huge memorial overlooking the ground near Bastogne where 76,890 American soldiers lost life and limb in the Battle of the Bulge....The shrine will be dedicated on May 30, 1950....The Belgo-American Association has, through National Commander Perry Brown, invited a pilgrimage of WW2 veterans and their families to attend the event....The Belgian Government has started to make plans for the entertainment of the American veterans, which will include visits to Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Liège and other cities where the visitors will be guests of honor.

* * * *

RESERVISTS GET DISABILITY PROTECTION: President Truman has signed S. 213, passed by 81st Congress, removing the bar to

compensation for non-regulars injured while in active military service of less than 30 days duration....It is known as the "less than 30 days law"....Under this Act the Government assumes an obligation for death or injury to Reservists while serving in or training for the Armed Forces irrespective of the length of the duty period....Obvious injustices are ironed out by this law and it is expected that, with this protection for self and family, the morale and efficiency among the civilian components will be raised....Most Reservists who are engaged in civilian occupations for a livelihood find it inconvenient to take more than 15 days active duty training during the year in addition to their Reserve training.

* * * *

VA HOSPITAL INTERNSHIPS: Veterans Administration will offer 259 internships to qualified graduates of recognized medical schools in 13 of its hospitals beginning July 1, 1950...."Pilot" programs for which prospective internes have already been accepted have been started at the hospitals at McKinney, Texas, and Chambles, Georgia, affiliated, respectively, with Southwestern Medical College and Emory University.

* * * *

IN THE NEWS: Ernie Pyle, No. 1 war reporter who died on Ie Shima while writing the GI's story of the war, was given permanent burial on July 18 in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, near Honolulu. This cemetery is located in the Punchbowl, extinct volcanic crater, which looks down on Pearl Harbor....James A. Hard, oldest veteran of the Civil War and oldest member of the Grand Army of the Republic, quietly celebrated his 107th birthday at his home in Rochester, New York, on July 15. He spent the day making plans to attend the final encampment of the GAR at Indianapolis....Fred G. Condict, 65, St. Louis, Missouri, newspaper man who was National Publicity Director of the Legion from 1926 until 1935, died at the Jefferson Barracks VA Hospital on July 13.

* * * *

VA SAYS: The new 399-bed general medical and surgical hospital opened at Providence, Rhode Island, brings the total number of VA hospitals up to 129....Less than one-fourth of the WW2 veterans holding NSLI have converted their policies from term insurance to one or more of the half-dozen available permanent plans....More than 202,000 WW2 vets have either exhausted their entitlement to GI Bill training, or have completed their Public Law 16 training and have been declared rehabilitated....WW2 veterans between 25 and 34 years of age had a median income of \$2,401 in 1947, compared with \$2,585 for non-veterans in the same age group....Salisbury, North Carolina, has been selected as the site for the new 1000-bed neuropsychiatric hospital. Construction costs are expected to reach the neighborhood of \$17,000,000.

THEY HOWL FOR JUSTICE

(Continued from page 17)

Russian news agency) to the *Chicago Tribune*.

In *Budapest* the people were not admitted to the People's Court. Trusted Hungarian communists, plainclothesmen, a few relatives of the defendants were admitted by special tickets issued by the political police — after passing six checkpoints of tommygun-toting guards to reach the courtroom door. In *New York* it was "first come, first served" for the general public as the trial became one of the sights of the big town.

I didn't see the defense lawyers take a single note at the *Mindszenty trial*. Most of the time they spent twiddling their mustaches, looking up at the murals depicting the evolution of justice or just looking bored. They did not consult each other once. Cardinal Mindszenty's lawyer, Kalman Kiczko, a communist for 30 years, concentrated in his remarks on praising communist Hungary and its justice.

Meanwhile in *New York* a defense battery of five clever lawyers, strongly sympathetic to the communist defendants, had seized the initiative on opening day and still gave no signs of surrendering it. They took notes copiously, they consulted each other endlessly — keeping the court waiting. Dozens of times each day, they leaped to their feet objecting to everything from the American judicial system and the very basis of the trial, to the judge's "hostile" habit of scratching his head.

Vilmos Olti, the renegade Nazi who served as communist chief judge at the *Mindszenty trial*, spent most of his time directing witnesses, lawyers and the defendants themselves into attacks on the defendants. He guided them in "yes" and "no" answers, as he constructed the case against them.

In *New York* Judge Medina spent much of his time defending himself against unrelenting attacks by the defense of "judicial misconduct." By reiterated charges of bias and prejudice, by goading Medina through defiance of his orders and rulings, by quarreling with his right to preside — the defense attorneys tried to construct a case against the judge.

Consider a typical day at each trial. In *Budapest* Olti sits on the dais — his eyes cold, his voice staccato. He hardly looks up from the papers on his desk as he hurls questions at the defendants.

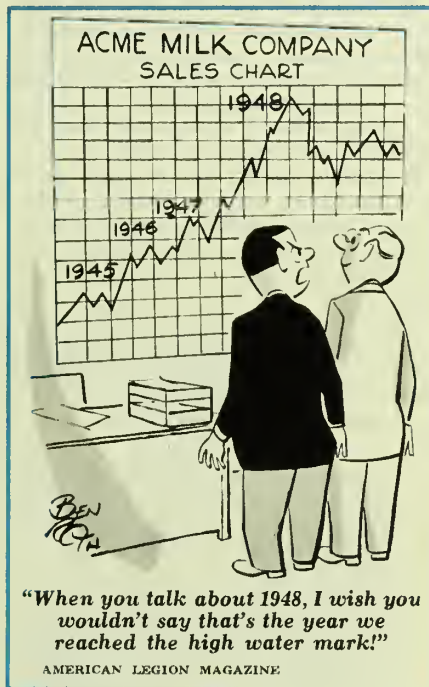
Down beneath the dais sit the defendants. . . . Cardinal Mindszenty, his head cocked slightly to the right, as it was during all the trial, his eyes big and full. Alongside him — the other defendants, all cowed or dazed or indifferent. They don't follow the proceedings with any interest and they don't talk to each other. They couldn't if they wanted to, since a militiaman separates each defendant from the next.

The defendants don't talk to their lawyers either. The lawyers look down at their shoes. Only Olti, who is prosecutor and jury as well as judge, relishes the proceedings. He has allowed the prosecution seven witnesses, and today the defense asks to call just one. Olti refuses.

From the once stubbornly courageous,

now obviously beaten and humiliated cardinal, Olti elicits a countless number of apologies. About the book *Mindszenty* had written: "If I drew on the wrong sources, I am very sorry about it." About the letters allegedly addressed to the American Legation: "I accept these evidences against me. I am sorry for having sent this material." And when Olti asks: "Do you admit the manipulations of such exorbitant sums of money and severe attacks on this country's economy?" Mindszenty says: "I do, and I am sorry for it."

This is the man who shortly before his arrest said: "Hungary has degenerated



into a gigantic chamber of horrors, a den of robbers and thieves," the man who felt no compromise was possible with the communists. Today his readiness to confess at once is too much even for the court. The cardinal rises to his feet to read a statement repudiating his pre-arrest warning to the world that any future confession would be the result of "human frailty." The cardinal starts to read but the judge says: "I don't think you want to read that now." So the cardinal sits down, there is a recess and he reads it at the next session.

Now Olti turns to a questioning of Andreas Zakar, the cardinal's boyish-looking secretary. Of all the defendants, the white-faced Zakar seems most eager to please. And Olti, in contrast to the tough attitude he adopts toward the others, is benign and fatherly with Zakar. The judge prods Zakar gently when he forgets his lines. Zakar acts like a little boy kept after school to write something on the blackboard a hundred times.

Zakar, in answering a question, uses the word "democratic" in the western sense. Olti interrupts sternly: "Liberal bourgeois democratic or people's democratic?"

ZAKAR (searching): Er — liberal.

OLTI (with fatherly severity): That means against progress.

ZAKAR: Yes, sir.

Now Olti asks Zakar for some detail but Zakar cannot remember (a common failing with all the defendants). Zakar is mute. Olti takes the police minutes and reads from them.

"Yes, sir, those are the facts," says Zakar.

OLTI (in a very kind voice): You only couldn't remember every word.

ZAKAR (eagerly): Of course, sir.

Somehow Zakar, despite Olti, manages to stammer through to one true conclusion. Olti wants Zakar to say a priest named Zsomboki, who allegedly arranged an interview between Prince Otto and the cardinal in America, had belonged to the royal entourage.

ZAKAR: This priest was . . .

OLTI: With the royal family.

ZAKAR: Yes, sir, with the royal family or better . . .

OLTI (kindly): You are trying to say he belonged to the entourage of the royal family . . .

ZAKAR: Yes, sir, to the entourage, or better, he stood near to them . . . or better, he was a priest in different Hungarian-American churches.

The trial runs on like a well-rehearsed but poorly produced play. It seems hardly necessary to have the proceedings at all, since all the defendants had confessed even before the trial began. Vishinsky quoting Lenin has declared that a Soviet court is "an instrument to inculcate discipline," and that is certainly what this is. Soon Olti is satisfied the defendants have incriminated themselves enough, so he decides to let Cardinal Mindszenty's lawyer take the floor for some final remarks.

The cardinal's lawyer, Kalman Kiczko, has been a communist since 1919. He is the man Mindszenty chose, the court wants the world to believe, over such outstanding Catholic lawyers as Joseph Groh, expelled from the lawyers trade union on the eve of the trial for insisting on defending the cardinal.

Kiczko gets to his feet, removes his spectacles and almost cringing before the microphone at his desk, says: "My client has chosen me of his own free will." Then, the balding, obsequious lawyer tells the court how devoted he, Kiczko, is to the Hungarian government, how much the people's democracy has done for the Hungarian people. Once, Kiczko mentions that his client is naive, but mostly he just praises the government again and again. He denounces the foreign press: "They have written numerous calumnies against Hungary." He disputes that the trial is unfair: "No one either at home or abroad can accuse us of restricting freedom." And the coup de grace: "I thank the prosecution for bringing up the charges against my client." Kiczko sits down, and even Olti smiles.

And now shift the scene to a typical day at the trial of our "American" communists.

The atmosphere is different here. Unlike the stern-faced ex-nazi who presided in *Budapest*, Judge Medina, rocking to and fro in his red leather chair, seems

more like a judicial version of Adolphe Menjou. As Medina rocks, the defense lawyers take turns jumping to their feet to object. They resemble reciprocating pistons in a well-greased machine. A prosecution witness identifies a defendant and the defendant screams: "You rat!" These defendants seem to be very aware of what is going on, and they don't like it. They even express their opinions—in such undiplomatic language as "mockery of justice," "frame up," "you two-bit stoolpigeon!" (shouted at a government witness) and "a Hitler trial."

It took nine weeks to pick a jury because the defense protested the jury-picking system was based on racial and economic discrimination. After scores of witnesses and millions of words, they failed to prove their case.

Now the trial is under way but how strange it seems to a visitor fresh from Budapest! Instead of constantly confessing (and competing with each other to confess the most, like the Budapest defendants), these defendants are constantly consulting—with one another and with their lawyers. (No policemen bar the way—in fact, they go home every night to their families and to speak at rallies in their behalf—except for the four who were temporarily remanded for contempt. There is a definite feeling in the courtroom that they actually aim to fight the prosecution, and win the case.)

The government is questioning a witness, Louis F. Budenz, former editor of the *Daily Worker*. Budenz mentions the "ninth floor of the *Daily Worker*" and Prosecutor John F. X. McGohey asks: "Do you mean the ninth floor of the *Daily Worker* building?"

Harry Sacher, fiery little defense attorney, jumps to his feet: "I object to as leading to the witness, obviously so."

JUDGE MEDINA: Well, I tried to indicate a little while ago that as to some matters, I will permit leading questions. It seems to me fairly obvious that this is what the witness meant.

SACHER: I don't know that anything can be taken for granted as obvious with this witness.

MCGOHEY: I move that that remark be stricken out.

SACHER: Your Honor, this man, Mr. Gordon (McGohey's assistant) just turned around and pointed his finger at me and said "Sit down." I want to call this to the court's attention. I will not permit myself to be terrorized by counsel for the government.

MEDINA: I see you are returning to your old role.

SACHER: I object to Your Honor's remark and I ask Your Honor to instruct the jury to disregard your statement.

MEDINA: Mr. Sacher, I dislike shouting and disorder and I will not tolerate it. I don't know what little passage may have occurred between counsel here but that does not justify your carrying on this way.

SACHER: Your Honor, Mr. Gordon turned around and he faced me and waved his finger at me and said "Sit down."

GORDON: That is not so.

DEFENDANT JOHN GATES: You're a liar.

MEDINA: You have waved your finger at me, Mr. Sacher, and that doesn't bother

me. I don't see why you get so excited.

SACHER: Well, Your Honor...

MEDINA: Let's let these little incidents evaporate and not occur any more.

SACHER: May I respectfully ask that you tell the government to desist from facing the defendants counsel. Their backs are supposed to be turned to me and I prefer to see that part of them.

MEDINA: You see how one thing may lead to another without profit to anyone. We get into a dispute as to whether something was said or not. I think the wisest course to pursue is, let's forget it.

But they don't forget it. The defense lawyers are gunning for the judge. "You scratched your head and pulled your ear," says Sacher at one point, attempting to prove the court was trying to prejudice the jury against defense statements. Medina laughs: "You've called me corrupt and everything else you could think up. . . . I want you gentlemen to understand that when I scratch my head I'm just plain scratching my head."

Gordon, a stocky, serious-eyed young man, continues the examination of Budenz by reading part of the constitution of the Communist Political Association. Then Gordon says: "Is that right, Mr. Sacher?"

SACHER: Yes.

This brings Abraham Isserman, another defense lawyer, bristling to his feet: If the court please, I see that Mr. Gordon is in a mood to carry on controversy. I move that he be directed . . .

MEDINA: Of course, not you? You just hate controversy. I understand about that.

GORDON: I thought we were getting on very well. Mr. Sacher smiled at me and said that is right.

MEDINA: It was a pleasant interlude but let's call a halt and get back to sawing wood.

The defense lawyers do everything but saw wood. There is constant stalling to prevent the prosecution from introducing evidence on the central issues of the trial—almost obscured by petty argument—did the defendants advocate the overthrow of the government by force? The defense lawyers continue harassing the judge. At one point they charge him with "prejudicial misconduct," at another point one stands up and continues arguing after the judge has ruled against him. The judge calls a recess, and leaves the bench for five minutes—the only way he can silence the attorney.

A sense of humor is what saves Medina—proved when court reconvenes. A witness points out that the Workers School in Chicago was run by the communist party. Medina asks: "How do you know it was run by the communist party and..."

ISSERMAN interrupts: I object to that question.

MCGOHEY: May I ask a question?

SACHER: May we have a ruling, Your Honor?

MEDINA: I'd better keep my nose out of this for the time being.

SACHER: May we have a ruling on those objections?

MEDINA: Yes, I will sustain the objection to my question.

(Laughter)

So ends a typical day in Foley Square.

From the defense tables lawyers and assistants gather up the volumes of testimony, tens of thousands of pages and millions of words. The defendants take their briefcases and notes, and leave the courtroom. They stop in the corridor for a smoke, chat gaily with admirers. They walk down the steps of the courthouse, hail three taxis and drive off. That night they will appear at a rally denouncing the "infamous frame-up trial."

By contrast, at the end of a typical session of the Mindszenty trial, the defendants are ushered by tommygun-toting militiamen to their cells. Correspondents, who are not permitted within 20 feet of the defendants during the courtroom proceedings, don't even know the location of their cells. The defendants are held incommunicado until the next session of court. Of course, this routine is short-lived—the trial lasts only three days.

The difference between a typical day in Foley Square and a typical day in Budapest is the difference between democracy and the police state. That is why I was amazed, on returning to the United States from Budapest, to find that the loudest denunciations of "police state methods" were coming from the attorneys of the men who want to set up a police state here!

When the outnumbered police patrolled the streets on the trial's first day, as much for the protection of the 500 pickets as the hundreds of spectators, defense lawyers protested violently inside the courtroom. They attacked the police detail as "a Hitler trial," "an armed mob in uniform." Richard Gladstein, defense counsel, said "trigger happy" men were spotted among the police.

"Do we have to wait," Gladstein demanded, "until we've been intimidated so we're too paralyzed to speak?"

Medina denied a defense motion that the police guard be removed and the trial be adjourned for three months: "That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard of. You gentlemen don't act intimidated, but I recall picket lines that made it difficult for me to get into the courthouse."

(In Budapest the militiamen wouldn't permit any of the Hungarian people even to stand in the vicinity of the courthouse, much less picket or protest.)

Sacher objected on the first day to the lack of spectators: "The Nuremberg war criminals were given more seats than we get here." Actually, 62 seats in the black marble courtroom went to newspaper reporters, 20 to defendants' relatives and 65 to the general public on a "first come, first served" basis.

(In the Hungarian police state, no one entered the court without a ticket. Among Hungarians, only trusted communists and a few relatives of the defendants received tickets. The people formed no lines to get into the People's Court.)

There was much irony in the protests of defense lawyers in Foley Square that Medina was rushing them. The Mindszenty trial was over in less than a week while the Foley Square process has dragged on for many months. Yet, one day when Medina complained of delays, Sacher warned: "While speed is a commendable objective, justice is more important."

MEDINA: It's nice to have you remind me of that.

SACHER: Let it not be said that the court was impatient in hearing all the relevant testimony.

MEDINA: No matter how much time was given the charge would still be made. But if anyone thinks I'm conducting a trial in a way to rush people and to prevent them having sufficient time to present their case, it is my opinion that the record will refute any such charge.

What the record won't show is how the defense carried on outside the Foley Square courtroom—and how different this was from Budapest! As soon as the trial was announced, not only picket lines but nationwide protest meetings, petitions and "People's Freedom Committees" were organized. A "People's Freedom Crusade" of several thousand persons and thousands of telegrams descended on the President and Congress in Washington.

The 12 defendants—national chairman

The "Progressive Theatre" of New York—strongly sympathetic to the communists—even put on an operetta called "Trial in Holy Square." A parody on Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury," the operetta slandered Judge Medina and Prosecutor McGohey (they called him O'Hooley) vehemently. In one scene the judge says: "While I'm on this bench I won't have anybody else obstructing justice." The climax comes when a mob of enraged "workers" storms the courtroom and drives the judge and jury out, ending the "phony" trial.

It may not surprise the reader, but Cardinal Mindszenty had no press secretary at his trial. Neither did he or the other defendants speak at rallies. I was not permitted even to chat with the cardinal for a few seconds—the police never allowed the press closer than 20 feet. In contrast to the defense propaganda mill in Foley Square, in Budapest it wasn't even possible to get informal aid. The

the verdict, an editorial in the official communist newspaper *Szabad Nep* shouted of the cardinal: "a pitiable worm—a scared scoundrel—an unmasked Tar-tuffe—stands before the court . . . one who puts aside his principles and aims, and does not care for anything except his wretched life." The Hungarian radio called the cardinal "a bloodthirsty beast of prey." And the government's press chief told correspondents at nightly press conferences: "Tell your readers that the cardinal is not a brave man or a hero of freedom but a weakling, a coward." In the United States it might be considered contempt of court—in communist Hungary it goes with the judicial system.

Over here most newspapers during the Foley Square trial took a hands-off attitude in editorializing about the defendants' guilt or innocence. They reported the proceedings objectively. Even those newspapers which were less than objective were paragons alongside the *Daily Worker*. Sample *Daily Worker* headlines: "McGohey Fishes Another Filthy Specimen From Cesspool." "Frame up Indictment of the Twelve." "C. P. Statement on Medina Outrage." (When Medina sent Gates to jail for 30 days for contempt of court for refusing to answer a question when so directed by the court.)

A British journalist visiting Foley Square for the first time was astonished that newspapers were permitted to sound off like the June 6, 1949 *Daily Worker*: "This travesty of justice must arouse the whole American people . . . a storm of protest must go forth. . . . Demand that the indictment be dismissed and the defendants freed!"

"You are truly the land of the free," said the British journalist as we sat in the courthouse while the shouts of pickets outside could plainly be heard through the windows. "Your police are not to protect the public but the pickets," he marveled.

That same day I went up to defendant Eugene Dennis and asked the communist national secretary to compare his trial with the trial of Mindszenty. Dennis told me to see his press secretary. Gerson, the secretary, said Dennis wouldn't make the comparison.

But outside the courthouse, one of the chanting pickets, who said he was a communist, was quite willing to talk. I walked alongside him as he paraded his sign. How would he compare the trials? "No comparison. These men are innocent. Cardinal Mindszenty confessed." Did he think Hungarians should have been permitted to picket the Marko Street courthouse? "Of course." But did he know they weren't, and that patrols of militiamen kept the courthouse clear of everyone, even just the curious? "Well, the Hungarian government was right. Who would want to picket anyway? Only reactionaries, and they don't deserve any rights." "Is a person who is anti-communist a reactionary?" "Of course." I thanked him, and watched him swing around at the corner, to march back down the street. I saw the lettering on the sign gradually fade out of sight.

The sign read: "Free the Communist Leaders! Defend Civil Liberties!" THE END

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

William Z. Foster was not brought to trial with the others because of illness—engaged a public relations officer, Simon Gerson, and a staff. Gerson's organization bombarded the newspapermen covering the trial with press releases under a letterhead "Trial of the Twelve," carrying photographic portraits of the defendants at the top.

At night, after trial sessions were over, "mass protest" meetings were held. Just four nights after the trial began, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, defendant Robert Thompson, New York State communist chairman, said that at the trial "the constitution is torn up and simple democratic rights wiped out." Gilbert Green, Illinois chairman and another defendant, echoed: "Justice in America is class justice and the very system under which the juries are selected is a sham and a mockery."

secret police saw to that. Terror was applied to cut off Hungarians from all contact with Americans and British. During those tense days, many Hungarians were arrested and tortured for no greater crime than having an American come up to his house one night for a cocktail.

Many Hungarians you met on the street refused to talk about the trial, but some had the courage. They made their sentiments plain—that, despite what the government and defense attorneys said, they believed the trial was unfair. And they said this in the face of a unanimous newspaper and radio barrage against Cardinal Mindszenty.

The contrast in the attitudes of press and radio in the two countries is worth noting. Long before the Mindszenty trial began, the Hungarian newspapers, which are entirely government-controlled, had convicted the cardinal. Two days before

FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR '49

(Continued from page 19)

the papers as diving star Zoe Ann Olsen's boy friend, would be there instead of Murakowski, except that — alas for Cal — Jackie took to pro Baseball with Oakland of the Pacific Coast League this summer.

Sitko's nomination is hard to dispute, although the space he occupies has probably more candidates than any other on the team, including even such Ivy Leaguers as Levi Jackson of Yale and George Sella of Princeton, along with the strong backs already mentioned.

Fortunately for the harassed prognosticator, the going is a little easier when you start setting up your line. At the ends, for example, there is one sure thing—the powerhouse Leon Hart of Notre Dame—and a couple of hot possibilities, Don Foldberg of Army and Art Weiner of North Carolina. The consensus of the scouts is that Foldberg is the better bet to team with Hart. Younger brother of the All-American Hank who was such a big cog in West Point's all-winning machine of the Blanchard-Davis era, Dan broke his collarbone against Stanford last fall and missed the games with Penn and Navy. But while he was in there, he showed plenty. He's a member of Army's offensive platoon.

There simply isn't any doubt about Notre Dame's boy, Hart. Co-captain this year along with the other Irish end, Jim Martin, he is boomed by all hands as one of the best ends the game has seen in a long, long time. Weiner, as indicated, is a close third, followed by such sterling wingmen as Ellery Williams of Santa Clara, Ben Proctor of Texas, Jack Odom of Minnesota, Bobby Folsom of Southern Methodist, and Dick Harvin of Georgia Tech.

There is more agreement about the tackle selections than about any other performers on the squad except the inevitable Walker and Justice. Leo Nomellini of Minnesota and Al Wistert of Michigan are the boys who get the nod here, and these Big Niners stand out above the

crowd like the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings stick out above the New York skyline. They're both big, fast, experienced, and tough. Smart strategists, savage blockers, and blocks of cement on defense, they put the ice cream on the cake by the way they take off down the field. With Nomellini and Wistert manning your tackles, you'd sleep soundly no matter what league you were playing in. Other good tackles worth mentioning are Paul Lea of Tulane, Ernie Stautner of Boston College, Gordon White of Stanford and Ray Krause of Maryland.

Things aren't quite that simple when it comes to choosing the guards, although Rod Franz of California is a fairly widespread choice for one of the berths. Rod, an All-American last year, operated like a bulldozer in front of such Cal backs as Jackie Jensen and Jack Swaner, and played a mighty role in putting the Bears in the Rose Bowl. There's a lot of competition for the guard slot on the other side of the line, the candidates including Vern Sterling of Santa Clara, Ed Bagdon of Michigan State, Joe Drazenovich of Penn State, Jim Crawford of Ole Miss and Al Tate of Illinois. No matter whom you settle on, you're bound to stir up a lot of arguments, but at least you're sure that any one of these boys would give you a lot of strength at the position. Our choice is Drazenovich, the Penn Stater, with Bagdon breathing hotly on his heels.

After last year when good centers abounded with men like Alex Sarkisian of Northwestern, Bill Walsh of Notre Dame and Chuck Bednarik of Penn, the center situation looks a mite thin in '49. Far and away the top choice is Clayton Tonne-maker of Minnesota (those Gophers seem to have a lot of stuff this year), with honorable mention going to Tom Novack of Nebraska, George Maddox of Tulane, George Schreck of Dartmouth, Jimmy Kynes of Florida, Gene Moore of Clemson, and Bob Fuchs of Missouri. Every observer who has seen Bernie Bierman's

monsters in action assures us that Tonne-maker is our boy — a bruiser who is also a real swift.

So much for the individuals. It's just as important, if not more so, to view the national football picture from the team standpoint, which had best be done sectionally, to wit:

EAST

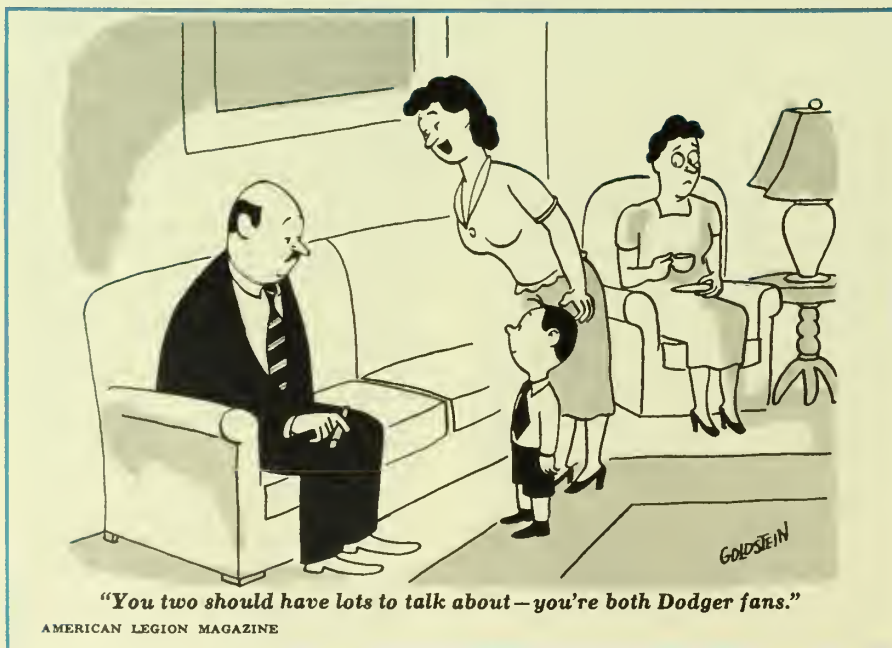
Ever since Red Blaik took over the direction of West Point's football fortunes, it has been perfectly safe to lead off any Eastern survey with the advice that Army bears watching. That is just as true this year as ever. The Cadets lost a lot of talent last year but they still have plenty left. They have to get by tough Penn State in their second game and tougher Michigan in their third, but it wouldn't pay to bet much against them.

As for Navy, the Middies are confronted by another of those murderous schedules, but should do better than last year as civilian coach George Sauer goes into his second season at Annapolis. Pittsburgh is also improving, but it too has a suicide schedule. On the upbeat is Boston University, sparked by the sensational sophomore Harry Agganis, but unfortunately BU doesn't face any stronger opposition than Maryland and West Virginia.

In the Ivy League, the defending champions from Cornell figure to do it again, with their toughest arguments coming from Harvard and Dartmouth. Cornell, a surprise winner in '48, has undergone a resurgence under Coach Lefty James, and can count on such stalwart ball-movers as Hilary Chollet, Lynn Dorsett and Jeff Fleischmann. Cornell rates high nationally. Dartmouth suffered from the loss of Dale Armstrong and Joe Sullivan, but still has Johnny Clayton and Hal Fitkin. Harvard, in its second year of using Art Valpey's version of the Michigan offensive, is making noises like a corner. It's hard to see much in the rest of the Ivy group, even from Lou Little's perennially good but graduation-riddled forces at Columbia. Lou had a solid freshman team last year, but it will need seasoning before it can replace the great Kusserow-Rossides team which was entirely swept away with sheepskins.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

With the astute Carl Snavely pulling the strings and wriggly Charlie Justice carrying the ball, North Carolina should breeze through this conference despite heated opposition from Wake Forest. Carolina is taking on a non-conference tartar in Notre Dame this year, at New York's Yankee Stadium, but has the depth to make even that a close game. In its own league, only Peahead Walker at Wake Forest seems to have the material to fight Carolina on even terms. Peahead has two lettermen for every position except quarterback and he's loaded for bear. North Carolina State is improving and Coach Beattie Feathers is optimistic, an astonishing state of affairs for a gridiron mastermind; but the objective observer is forced to conclude that he can't hope to finish higher than third and is just



whistling to keep himself company. William and Mary's principal reason to be happy is that its powerhouse fullback, Jack Cloud, has completely recovered from last year's knee operation. Clemson, the 1948 conference winner (without meeting North Carolina and Justice), appears to have lost too much to stay up there.

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Tulane, under Henry Frnka's efficient coaching and spearheaded by the offensive skill of Ed Price, will be pointing for the title here and could make it. The Green Wave has been building seriously and Frnka knows how to build. Georgia's Bulldogs, who won the conference title last year, lost a lot of talent, including their fine quarterback, Johnny Rauch. A strong threat is Vanderbilt, which finished its 1948 season by winning seven games in a row, numbering Yale, Louisiana State, Auburn, Maryland and Tennessee among its victims. Bill Edwards, the Vandy coach, has installed the Cleveland Browns' T-formation and seems to have an inexhaustible supply of jack-rabbit backs on hand to make it go. The Commodores certainly seem capable of pressing Tulane to the wire.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Although the oldest settlers would regard it as nothing short of a miracle for the same school to romp off with three straight championships in this notoriously tough conference, it's hard to look beyond Southern Methodist. Matty Bell's Mustangs not only have the brilliant Doak Walker, they also have Kyle Rote, Gil Johnson and Dick McKissack to team with him in the starting backfield — and that's a lot to have. End Bobby Folsom is no handicap, either. The chances are that Rice is best equipped to halt SMU's streak, with Texas Christian, Texas, and Baylor the long shots; but it looks like another dose of Doak and Southern Methodist for all hands.

BIG NINE

Traditionally the roughest, toughest conference in the whole country, the Big Nine certainly seems ripe for one of its old-fashioned gang fights in '49. Michigan probably deserves to be rated the popular favorite here, but Ohio State, Northwestern and Minnesota are all well manned and hungry.

The Wolverines lost such operatives as Pete Elliott, Dick Rifenburg, Dominic Tomasi, Dan Dworski and Gene Derriotte, but will not be forced to subsist on short rations this time out. Still around are such worthies as Wally Teninga, Dick Kempthorn, Charley Ortmann, Leo Koceski and the stalwart Al Wistert, last of the great Michigan Wisterts—every one an All-American.

Northwestern, improving steadily under Bob Voigts, has to get along without big Alex Sarkisian and back Frank Aschenbrenner, but should do all right with Art Murakowski and Ed Tunnicliff to carry the ball with tackle Fatso Day to help clear a path.

Ohio State is raving about its spectacular sophomore, Vic Janowicz, boomed as the greatest player the State has seen

since almost anybody you care to name. If Janowicz produces, the Buckeyes may be hard to beat. Wes Fesler has veterans two deep at all the line positions and you can't laugh that off.

This is a year of crisis for the veteran Bernie Bierman, distinguished Minnesota coach. Bernie's great reputation has kept the wolves from his door up to now but Minnesota, winner of six Big Nine championships in the eight-year period through 1941, hasn't won since — and the alumni are restless. Bierman's big hopes are Leo Nomellini, a tackle of unquestioned All-American caliber, and center



Clayton Tonnemaker, who probably will join Nomellini on the honor squad this Fall. Billy Bye sparks the backfield, which as a unit may not stack up to the forward wall. The wise and witty Roundy Coughlin of the *Wisconsin State Journal* says that Minnesota's linemen are so big that when they bend over they're still six feet tall.

Illinois, which lost to Michigan by only 28-20 and to Army by 26-21 in 1948, will be nobody's pushover but probably will be lost in the shuffle. The best guess: Michigan again. Incidentally, neither Michigan nor Northwestern can go to the Rose Bowl this year. That five-year pact between the Pacific Coast Conference and the Big Nine forbids repeaters within a three-year span. So the race for the Bowl bid is as wide open as it could be, with Minnesota right up there.

MIDWEST INDEPENDENTS

Despite the assurances of Frank Leahy to the contrary, Notre Dame has enough material to win them all. But the Irish are taking on rugged foes in such as North Carolina, Tulane, Navy, Southern Cal. and Southern Methodist, and could conceivably get hurt somewhere along the way. Bob Williams should be a good quarterback for the Notre Dame T, but there is no reserve strength behind him—an unusual situation at quarterback-rich South Bend. As usual, however, there is lots of talent under the Golden Dome, and

Frank Leahy can be relied upon to get the most out of it.

On the eve of its entry into the Western Conference, which thus will become the Big Ten again, Michigan State is building what looks like a powerful club. Biggie Munn has nothing to be ashamed of here, with guard Ed Bagdon and back Lynn Chandnois particularly outstanding.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Missouri, which licked Southern Methodist in 1948 by a 20-14 score in a shocking upset, is consistently good under the coaching hand of Don Faurot, and this year doesn't figure to be any exception. There is always plenty of competition in the Big Seven, however, and Kansas, with Forrest Griffith; Oklahoma, whose Darrell Royal may make the Sooners forget the great Jack Mitchell, and Oklahoma A. and M. are hoping to give Mizzou a run for it.

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

The general opinion is that California, which finished in a tie with Oregon for the championship last year, then lost to Northwestern in the Rose Bowl game, will fight it out with Southern Cal. for the PCC crown. But loss of Jensen may put a crimp in the Bears' challenge. Even without Jensen, Lynn Waldorf will field an experienced team headed by Rod Franz and Jim Turner on the line and Jack Swanan in the backfield.

Braven Dyer, our West Coast advisor, leans toward USC, which has Art Battle, Jimmy (Mystic) Powers and Bill Martin to weight its backfield, and a fine end in Bob Stillwell.

Stanford expects to install a gang of young sophomores in most of its starting jobs even though Marchy Schwartz, the coach, is on something of a spot with the alumni. A damaging blow was the loss of Emery Mitchell, who was hurt in the Army game last year and had to quit the sport after his injury was aggravated in '49 spring practice.

Oregon, the co-champ last year, lost a great deal, including backfield ace Norm Van Brocklin. Howie Odell, trying hard at Washington, has to face the likes of Minnesota and Notre Dame in addition to his conference rivals, and will do well to get an even split.

FAR WEST INDEPENDENTS

Santa Clara seems to be the best of the lot, with Vern Sterling at guard and Ellery Williams at end possessing distinct All-American possibilities. The Broncos' big game is their very first, with California on September 17. San Francisco, with Negro track star Ollie Matson lugging the ball, has a good club, as does the College of the Pacific, sparked by Eddie LeBaron, one of the section's more publicized backs.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

Colorado is now in the Big Seven (formerly the Big Six), but you won't go far wrong if you stick with Utah to come home a repeat winner here.

The chances are, for that matter, that the only way you can go wrong on any of the information dispensed in the foregoing paragraphs is to bet on it.

THE END



Film Fare for September



I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE—A 20th Century-Fox film starring Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.

Many vets know at first hand the complications of conducting war and romance at one and the same time and then of bringing their brides home. Imagine the acute complications involved if the American soldier is a pretty red-headed WAC by the name of Ann Sheridan and the alien spouse is a tall, lanky French soldier by the name of Cary Grant and you'll have a good idea of what to expect in *I Was a Male War Bride*.

It is perfectly cast, even to the point of a West Point graduate (Bill Neff) in the second male lead. It is authentic in background, having been filmed in Germany, England and the U. S., the locales of the story. And—most important—it entertains from start to finish. It's the kind the entire family can enjoy together.

The story has Grant, of the French Intelligence, on a special mission in Germany with Miss Sheridan, of American Army Special Services, acting as his interpreter. They get into all sorts of trouble, but Miss Sheridan always handles the situation.



YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY—A Universal-International Technicolor film with Donald O'Connor, Charles Coburn, Gloria DeHaven and Barbara Brown.

We've contended that movies are primarily to entertain yet too few do. Here is one that does. It is the story of four ex-GIs in college. Each is married and each has a baby. The conflict between classes, football and helping the wives with housework and baby tending creates good clean fun.



RED, HOT AND BLUE—A Paramount film with Betty Hutton, Victor Mature and William Demarest.

From the Betty Hutton standpoint, it's a good picture. She sings and dances, rants and raves, fights and is fought. Best scene is where she tries to phone police after three thugs have been laid out. As she dials, one begins to regain consciousness. She hits him but before she can finish her call another staggers up and she has to bop him. It's Hutton all the way.

THE MAN WITH THE GLASS JAW

(Continued from page 26)

Japs got between us and the beach before our gang pushed them back in that sector and we got out.

Anyway we talked a lot of fight that day. The good old days, you know? And then, like the dope I am, I bubble over about how nobody's ever found his weakness and ask him if he really did have a weakness that nobody's ever discovered.

I guess I was half delirious, with my leg and all, and I remember now that Pete looked at me kind of sharp when I asked him. But then he grinned.

"Well, Jackie," he said, "to tell you the truth, it's my jaw. It's glass, though there's very few know about it. I've learned to protect it pretty fair, too, but it's there just the same. And it is a weakness."

That's all he said, but it's the one really clear thing about the war that has stuck in my mind. Pete Burrell had a glass jaw. The Champ had a weakness. And I, a punk on the way up, was the only one who knew about it.

I'd never use it, though. I swore then



that I'd never tip his hand and that if I ever fought him I'd shoot at everything but his jaw, and I knew I'd stick to it.

If he made hamburger out of me now, I still wouldn't hit him in the jaw. I may be a punk, but I'm no heel. And there's no doubt that Pete Burrell saved my life that day at Aitape.

The buzzer sounded.

"Stick with him, Jackie," Odds Bellew said, "and try raisin' your sights once. Won't hurt a thing to try."

"Sure, Odds." And I smiled.

The bell clanged and I shuffled out, wanting to get it over with now, hoping it was quick so's I could go get a beer and lie down and sleep somewhere.

Pete came right out swinging. He was going for the big one, swinging for the count, and I wasn't sorry. I'd give the fans a show, though. I'd go down slugging.

We traded a lot of leather there in the next minute. Something exploded in my head and I went down. I saw the canvas under me and the hard white ring lights were as hot as the sun on my back.

I was on hands and knees, trying to lift my head. Pete's black boxing shoes came into my line of vision then. I wondered why he hadn't gone to a neutral corner and I looked up and saw him standing



DID YOU ENJOY THIS ISSUE?

If so, why not share it with others, especially vets who don't belong to The American Legion? Let them know what your organization stands for.

over me, tall, black haired, his right cocked back. And he was swaying!

I saw the glaze in his eyes then and knew the truth. Pete Burrell, the Champ, was out on his feet!

There wasn't any count because Pete never went to a neutral corner. I got up pretty soon, though, and the referee came in and dusted my gloves. Pete hadn't snapped out of it. He stood there open as a barn door. I didn't want to hit him and looked at the referee.

He hadn't seen it and made a motion to commence fighting again. I just reached out and tapped Pete on the ribs, it was more of a shove, and his legs buckled and it was all over then.

It was a pretty hard thing to believe. I sat on the rubbing table for a long time afterward. Odds Bellew and the Kid were whooping it up, calling me "Champ" and all that, and I didn't even hear 'em. I was trying to figure it, and couldn't.

I was coming out of the shower when Pete Burrell walked in. He held out his hand.

"Nice fight, Champ," he said, and his smile was genuine. Pete was that kind of guy. "I didn't figure you were that smart," he confessed then. "I figured you'd fall for that stuff about my jaw being glass so that it would take some of the pressure off my old carcass when I met you after the war, as I knew I'd probably have to do.

"But you saw right through it, didn't you, Jackie? Well, more power to you, boy, because that was my last fight. The old body can take just so much and mine's taken it. I'm hanging 'em up as of right now. And, believe me, I don't mind turning the belt over to you, kid. You've got savvy."

I let my towel drag in the foot bath and stood there with my mouth open. So that was it, his body. And I thought I'd been doing the honorable thing by not slipping him on the button.

Suddenly I laughed. "And now I've got something to tell you. But stiek around for a minute and we'll have a beer first. I'll buy, Pete. It's on me."

THE END



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I SAW THE GI BILL WRITTEN

(Continued from page 13)

discharged from the armed forces after the start of World War II, who had been forced to wait for periods ranging from three to eleven months before compensation was allotted to them.

"This list is far from complete," he said. "It is only a quick sampling, compiled as a result of telegraphic inquiry among Legion service officers in 34 States."

At the time he spoke, more than 600,000 men and women had been discharged from the armed forces, many of them disabled. The Legion's investigation showed that, almost without exception, the disabled veterans had been forced to undergo similar delays.

"The situation," Commander Atherton said, "is all the more tragic because it is preventable."

"The report is a shocking indictment of lack of foresight and preparation for the inevitable casualties already here, and those yet to come. If, as a 'high official' recently predicted, we may expect tremendous casualties in the next ninety days, we have no excuse for dilly-dallying any longer."

"I should not like to face the wrath of 11,000,000 veterans after this war if our treatment of their disabled has been as shabby, indifferent and lax as the story of the last two years would indicate."

He presented the details of many of those 1,536 cases:

"Case No. 12. In this case, the veteran, totally blind, was discharged from an army hospital on June 30, 1943. The army service records were not received in the regional office (of the Veterans Administration) until the week of November 22. Therefore the veteran has not yet (November 29) received the pension check to which he is entitled, and probably will not for 30 days."

As he spoke, you thought of the confused bewilderment that boy must have felt, blinded in action, left penniless for

months, with only eternal darkness to comfort him...

"Case No. 13. This veteran was discharged insane, unable to sign his discharge. Claim was filed April 12, and we have not yet been able to get this veteran examined. While it is true that the Veterans Administration wrote his sister and a service officer, no letters were written to either, or to anyone else, in September or October."

April to December. That was eight months—months in which a boy whose mind was shattered by war was left alone, without help, money or encouragement from the Government he had served...

"Case No. 17. This veteran was discharged from service July 27, 1943, with diagnosis of dementia praecox, paranoid. The handicap estimate by the rating board is 100 percent. Action toward releasing payment on the veteran's claim is not expected until the character of his discharge is officially attested. It seems quite evident that he served honorably, but the authorization unit has refused to release payment until officially informed the discharge was honorable."

Surely someone, in all those months, might have taken the time to speed up the attestation of the boy's discharge, so that he could get the help he needed...

In fairness to the Veterans Administration, it should be pointed out that the delays were caused, in some degree, by the immense volume of work piled on the VA, and the shortage of manpower. But, while that might explain in large measure some of the cases of delay and neglect, it in no way excused them. Regardless of fault—whether or not any individual or organization could be given a major part of the blame—the situation itself was intolerable; and though there was a way to correct it, it was not to be corrected until the Legion acted.

Commander Atherton did not read all

of the 1,536 cases. There was no need for that. The picture was tragically clear.

"The American Legion feels," he said, "that all governmental agencies concerned should coordinate their activities, to the end that men and women released from the service should not be subjected to inconvenience, embarrassment, and at times distress."

"While they were in service, they made allotments to their dependents to which were added the governmental allowances. Those benefits were discontinued in each case upon discharge."

"Having no other income, the disabled dischargee must rely upon financial assistance from private or charitable sources. Such a situation, especially for the combat disabled, should not be tolerated."

"Even a convict who is discharged from prison is given some money and a suit of clothes. The veteran, when he is discharged from a hospital or separation center, is given neither."

The Legion didn't ask much for them. Just some money to live on, enough to buy clothes, to insure them something to eat and a place to sleep: enough to bridge the gap between discharge and adjudication of their claims or re-employment.

Specifically, Commander Atherton asked Congress to provide mustering-out pay for every discharged man, to be paid in amounts up to a total of \$500, depending upon length of service.

He asked that it be voted before Christmas, that year—1943.

"There'll be no Merry Christmas for thousands of these boys," he warned, "unless something is done for them immediately."

"Time is of the essence here."

He also recommended a program to eliminate the red tape, the inefficiency and indifference responsible for the condition his report revealed. The Legion's program included:

"1. Every serviceman whose disabilities were repairable should be retained in the armed services to receive maximum benefits of hospital and medical care. If there is need for further convalescence or institutional care, the liaison between the armed services and the Veterans Administration should really function."

"2. The Veterans Administration hospital bed capacity, especially for the nervous and mental cases, and the tuberculosis patients, should be enlarged, so that all those released from service and in need of further care can be accommodated."

"3. The Veterans Administration should have contact representatives at the larger discharge centers, especially those handling combat troops. Ratings of discharged men should be made there."

"4. The furnishing of medical and clinical records, and all other 'bottlenecks,' should be speeded up."

"5. Records and reports should be sent promptly to the Veterans Administration office in the man's home State."

"6. The lack of sufficient trained personnel in the adjudication field is a cause



of delay in handling these cases. The Veterans Administration should authorize additional help, and step up recruitment and training for this purpose."

The report was shocking and infuriating. But it was only the opening gun in the Legion's fight for justice for the veterans of World War II—a fight not alone for mustering-out pay, but for the broader, more sweeping benefits of what was to be



"First they used to vaccinate on the arms, then on the legs—Now where?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

known as the Legion's "GI Bill of Rights"—the greatest, most effective, most carefully prepared veterans' program ever enacted.

That fight was to last for seven months, against the toughest kind of opposition. To win it, the Legion pledged its every resource.

"We didn't organize The American Legion to be a savings bank to finance a last man's club," Commander Atherton said. "The best way to use every dime in our treasury is in assistance to the veterans coming out of this war."

Later, after the fight had been waged and won, many organizations and individuals were to claim credit for originating the GI Bill of Rights, and for insuring its passage.

But the truth is that it was the Legion's bill. President Roosevelt and many others had talked about what should be done for the veterans—but nobody integrated a working plan or rolled up his sleeves to put one over until the Legion drew up the GI Bill. The Legion conceived it; the Legion drafted it, and fought for it—fought, indeed, against early opposition of other major veterans organizations.

Omar B. Ketchum, national legislative representative of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, stands as a witness to that fact. Testifying before the House Committee on World War Veterans Legislation on Tuesday, January 12, 1944, at a time when he was not in sympathy with the bill, he said that it "has been drafted, and I understand will be presented to Congress by The American Legion."

Yes—it was the Legion's bill. I was there. I had a share in the fight. I know.

The principles of the GI Bill had their roots deep in the mandates of more than one Legion convention. On September 23, 1943, the 25th National Convention authorized the naming of a special committee to develop an over-all program for the complete aid to the veteran from the time of his discharge until final rehabilitation.

The convention also declared, in various resolutions, that any master plan should include education and vocational training for every veteran; employment aids, unemployment compensation, home and farm loans, and for a system of "furlough pay" to cushion the transition back to civilian life.

That was the Legion mandate. Those were the basic elements of the GI Bill of Rights. And those were the things that the Legion won for every veteran.

On November 18, 1943, at a meeting of the National Executive Committee, former Governor John Stelle of Illinois—a big, fighting bulk of a man—proposed the resolution which resulted in the appointment of the Special Committee on the GI Bill.

"I took action after I received a letter from my son, who had been through the African and Sicilian campaigns," Gov. Stelle, later to serve a term as National Commander, wrote me recently.

"His letter was based upon what the men he knew over there were saying. He wrote that all they wanted was an opportunity from their Government to make good when they returned from war; an opportunity to get education or training, and to find work."

The idea behind the GI Bill was as simple as that: to give the men who were fighting the opportunity they deserved—to restore them, as nearly as possible, to the position they might have held if they had not been called to serve America.

The Executive Committee designated post-war planning for veterans of World War II as a major legislative objective for the Legion in 1944, with emphasis upon two points: support of a resolution already pending in the House to refer all veterans' legislative proposals to the House Committee on World War Veterans Legislation, and to concentrate the administration of all veterans' functions in the Veterans Administration.

"If we are to avoid the 'run around' that veterans got after the last war," the Legion said, "then one government agency alone must be placed in charge of all functions for veterans. That agency is logically the Veterans Administration."

The stage was thus set for the GI Bill campaign.

But it was apparent that the Legion faced two problems. One was the immediate needs of veterans already being discharged; the other was long-range planning for the rehabilitation of all veterans. Formulation of such a comprehensive master plan for veterans rehabilitation would take time. Enactment of such a program could not be achieved overnight.

Yet the problems of the discharged disabled men could not wait. Their need was pressing, and immediate. Post-war plan-



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ning for all veterans was a Legion goal—but for the disabled men who had been discharged the post-war world had already arrived. They could not be asked to wait for months for their rightful compensation—they could not be subject to still further delays, while the program for all veterans was being worked out.

The Legion throughout all its history had placed the demands of disabled veterans first. And this time the Legion did not wait.

On November 26, Commander Atherton sent his telegraphic requests to the Legion's department service officers, asking them for the records of men discharged for disabilities, and a report on the length of time they had been forced to wait for compensation.

Within 24 hours, the records of more than 1,500 disabled veterans who had been forced to wait for periods up to 11 months before receiving compensation were in the hands of Commander Atherton in Washington. The Rehabilitation staff at the Legion's Washington headquarters worked day and night to compile the telegraphic reports, to coordinate them into a single report. So within three days, on November 29, 1943, Commander Atherton presented those cases in his historic report.

On the following day, he appointed a special committee to draft the master plan for the readjustment of all veterans into civilian life—the plan which would “avoid a repetition of the tragic mistakes of the demobilization following World War I.” This became “The GI Bill Committee.”

It was a committee composed of many of the Legion's outstanding leaders, headed by former Governor John Stelle as chairman. Named with him were Robert W. Sisson of Little Rock, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, who served as executive director of the special GI Bill Committee; Harry Colmery, Past National Commander; Sam Rorex of Little Rock, then United States Attorney in Arkansas; W. B. Waldrip,

Detroit banker; R. M. McCurdy, then assistant city manager of Pasadena, vice chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, who in his own person had defied the crippling effects of combat injury; Maurice F. Devine of Manchester, New Hampshire, chairman of the National Legislative Committee; Lawrence J. Fenlon of Chicago, chairman of the National Employment Committee.

Working closely with the committee were Francis M. Sullivan, then acting as the Legion's National Legislative Director while John Thomas Taylor, who had championed the Legion's causes before Congress since the beginning of the Legion, was absent on active duty with the Army; T. O. Kraabel, National Rehabilitation Director; Bruce Stubblefield, then executive secretary of the Rehabilitation staff in Washington; Carl Brown, then chief of claims in the Legion's Washington headquarters; and Jack Cejnar, Acting National Publicity Officer, who in an inspired moment gave the bill the name that was to sweep the country—the “GI Bill of Rights.”

Frank Sullivan and Bob Sisson, in particular, were to turn themselves—to use Sullivan's phrase—into “Fuller brush salesmen,” going from door to door in the Senate and the House Office Buildings, insuring support for the measure.

“Frank Sullivan's praise has never been properly sung,” John Steele wrote me not long ago. “He deserves as much of the credit for the accomplishment, so far as the passing of the bill is concerned, as any other person.”

I know that was true. But I also know that without John Stelle's fighting heart, without the qualities and determination that every man brought to the fight, it could never have been won. It was an effective, fighting group.

But above and beyond that, it was a Legion victory—a victory in which every Legion Department and Post had its share. It was the Legionnaires throughout the country who supplied the grassroots drive,

the unrelenting, consistent fighting drive, that insured victory. It was public understanding of the justice of the bill that made its passage inevitable; and it was the Legionnaires in every community in the nation who made certain that the people understood the GI Bill of Rights—and why our fighting men needed it.

But, as we have seen, while the Legion prepared for the tremendous task of drafting the master plan for complete rehabilitation, the other fight was in full swing; the fight for mustering-out pay, for adequate treatment for the discharged, disabled men.

On December 1, National Commander Atherton appeared before the Senate Military Affairs Committee to repeat his demand for immediate enactment of mustering-out pay. The committee had before it a bill, sponsored by Senator Barkley, calling for a maximum of \$300. Commander Atherton asked that the pay be “adequate”—and urged that the maximum be placed at at least \$500.

The Legion's publicity division, headed by Cejnar, sent the Commander's report on the 1,536 cases of delay and neglect to every daily newspaper in the United States—together with a letter from the Commander which called the situation “a national disgrace.”

The report caused a nation-wide sensation. Hundreds of newspapers backed the Legion's demand with editorials and news stories. At the same time Commander Atherton telegraphed all department officers to “leave no stone unturned” to bring all possible pressure on Senators and Representatives to put an end to the deplorable condition the Legion had disclosed.

Within a matter of hours, the tremendous forces of the Legion began to mobilize. Department officers contacted their Posts; and telegrams, letters and phone calls by the thousand poured in on members of Congress. Seldom, if ever, before had any organization spoken so forcefully, and so frankly, on behalf of the disabled veteran. The effect was immediate.

“I never realized that anything approaching this situation existed,” said Senator Johnson of Colorado, chairman of a subcommittee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee studying veteran's legislation. “It is almost unbelievable that this nation should permit those boys to go for months without money, food or clothes, except what they can beg.

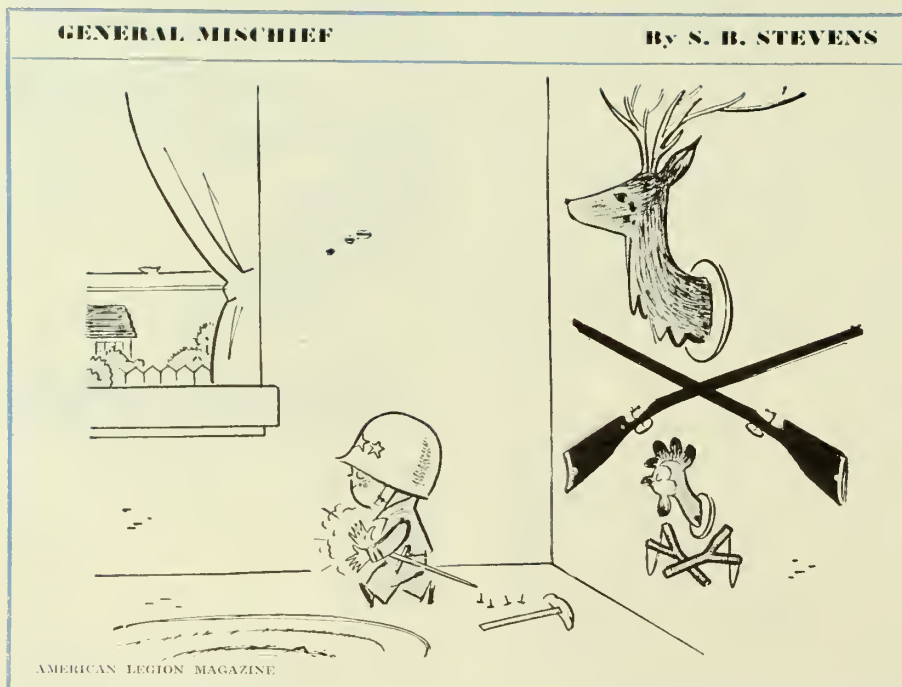
“You can't explain away a situation like that. You can't brush it off, or forget it. We must act immediately to put money into the hands of every man who is discharged, the instant he is discharged.

“I am informed we are discharging as many as 75,000 men a month, and that the totals will steadily increase. All of them face an immediate problem on discharge, when they feel lost and alone. And that apparently, is just the time we have been neglecting them—when their need is the greatest.”

Senator Johnson's indignation was sincere, as his actions were to show, and reflected the opinion of a vast majority of the Senators and Representatives. But there were others in Congress—some in positions of influence—who rendered only

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



lip-service to the cause of the disabled men.

"This is incredible!" said Andrew Jackson May of Prestonsburg, Kentucky, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee. "Shocking is the only word to describe it. The sick and wounded from the battlefields are the very men who are most entitled to expect every assistance the nation they have defended can give them."

Those were fine and noble words. We

WALLY



(From September, 1934 A.L.M.)

were to remember them when, a few days later, Mr. May almost singlehandedly prevented the enactment of mustering-out pay before Christmas. Mustering-out pay was not presented as a veterans' matter. It dealt with an extension of military pay, and Mr. May's Military Affairs Committee was in a key spot to boost it or block it.

Three and a half years later, May was convicted on a charge of accepting bribes in the amount of \$53,634 from the Garsson brothers to help them seek favors for their enterprises from the War Department. As I write these words, he is in Prestonsburg, Kentucky, on bond pending further appeal of his conviction.

Mr. May's attitude represented a hard core of opposition, within the Congress, to doing anything for the veterans—an attitude that was, at first, beyond the ordinary citizen's comprehension. It was an attitude that was to be reflected, not much later, in the speech of one Congressman, who arose on the floor of the House to oppose adequate mustering-out pay with the words:

"America's boys didn't go to war for money—for dollars! They went out of patriotism. And America is grateful to

them. Why, when a boy dies, America gives him a flag to drape over his coffin!"

But that, as I say, was later—when a small group of Congressmen, with vituperation and ridicule, blasted all hope for the enactment of any really adequate mustering-out pay; at a time when those of us sitting in the House press gallery were astounded by the signs of what could only be interpreted as an incipient "economy wave," directed only at the veterans.

At first after Commander Atherton had made his report, we could not expect, we could not dream, that any such opposition would develop. His request seemed an utterly reasonable one—and the Senate Military Affairs Committee confirmed that thought. On December 10, it rewrote the Barkley mustering-out pay bill, to conform with the Legion's request for a \$500 maximum.

The bill, as the Senate committee drafted it, provided payment of \$500 to all men who served more than 18 months overseas; \$400 to men who served overseas more than one year and less than 18 months; \$300 for less than one year overseas, or more than one year in the United States, and \$200 for less than one year in the United States.

On the House side of the Capitol, meanwhile, Chairman May had started public hearings—though at first that did not disturb those fighting for an adequate bill. On the same day that the Senate group was drafting its bill, Mr. May heard a stirring plea from a handsome, dark-haired "Tech" Sergeant who had lost a leg when he stepped on a land-mine in Tunisia—"Buck" Hendricks of Council Bluffs, Ia.

"The boys I'm speaking for have been through battle," he said. "They have received wounds, just as thousands of other boys and girls will receive wounds. We've got to get word to the boys still over there that Congress is taking good care of their buddies who have been wounded. We must not let them think that their buddies who have been wounded have suffered delay and neglect. That will not help their morale."

He said that the \$300 mustering-out pay bill was not enough—and many members of the House agreed with him. At least two, Walter Ploeser of Missouri, and William Lemke of North Dakota, had introduced bills calling for the extension of the veteran's service pay, after discharge, for periods ranging up to a year, depending on length of service.

It seemed certain that the House could not, would not do less than the bill which the Senate committee was prepared to report out—and many of us believed that the House committee might improve it.

I, for one, was convinced that some more adequate provision, some provision more closely tailored to the needs of discharged men, might be enacted—and I said so in my reports for the Hearst newspapers, for which I was a Washington correspondent.

But there were certain signs by which, if we had been alert, we might have anticipated the hidden, yet determined, opposition. There was, for instance, the story of Troy Lucas...

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nia. He came from Kentucky, from the town of Southdown, in Mr. May's Congressional district. With the Army Signal Corps, he participated in the African invasion, and had fought in several engagements before he was wounded. He had been discharged from Walter Reed Hospital — and was trying to find enough money to keep himself alive until he could receive compensation, find a job.

His case was finally called to the attention of Walter Ploeser, who carried it to the floor of the House as another instance of the heart-rending neglect to which disabled heroes of the battlefield were subjected.

"The post-war period for this man has started," Rep. Ploeser said. "It is here now. Not tomorrow, not next year, not after the war, but now.

"To Troy Lucas—and the millions of his buddies—I say that the Military Affairs Committee of this House, under its present leadership, is too busy to give consideration to the human affairs of the men who are fighting to keep America free.

"What if our men in Italy were too busy to fight and kill the enemy?

"What if our fighting men in New Guinea were too busy to fight the battle for preservation of democracy in America?"

Walter Ploeser, and a few others, saw the gathering opposition for what it was. But many could not believe it—not until it was suddenly demonstrated a few days later; when, on December 13, Mr. May said on the floor of the House:

"I do not know if we will be able to draft a veteran's mustering-out pay bill and get it to the floor before Christmas!"

He announced, at the same time, that he had appointed a sub-committee, headed by Rep. John M. Costello of California, to "study and draft legislation." That announcement, in itself, was a death-sentence to any action prior to Christmas. The appointment of a sub-committee to

study a proposal on which the evidence of need was so clear could only result in delay.

On the following day, National Commander Atherton presented the case of disabled veterans over a national radio hook-up from San Francisco and, in a press statement, said:

"There'll be no Merry Christmas for these men unless Congress moves speedily to help them.

"Some mustering-out pay must be made immediately. It must be done before Congress adjourns for Christmas.

"Whether or not Congress does do that will mean the difference between a Merry Christmas and no Christmas at all to the men who have returned, sick and wounded, from the war fronts where they have been fighting to preserve a safe, free Christmas for every other American."

But there was to be no action before Christmas. On December 15, Mr. May went back to his home at Prestonsburg—back to his own Christmas in the mountain district that had returned him to Congress by a scant 540 votes in 1942.

"And in May's absence," I wrote for all Hearst newspapers at that time, "went all hope that decent mustering-out pay could be enacted this year; all hope that there will be a little money, a little hope and cheer, this Christmas, for the veterans who have been mustered out of the Army without a cent in their pockets, without a suit of clothes.

"May slipped out of Washington. Few knew he was leaving. And, in his absence, no member of the House Military Affairs Committee can call a meeting or report out any legislation."

The Senate committee, meanwhile, unanimously passed the bill agreed on by the Senate Military Affairs Committee, with a \$500 maximum. But all efforts to force action in the House failed. On the 18th, Republican Leader Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, asked:

"Is there any chance at all that we can have a mustering-out pay bill on the floor before we go home?"

John McCormack of Massachusetts, Majority Leader, who had favored action before Christmas, had to answer:

"I am sorry, but there is no chance."

A few members of Congress protested. Edith Nourse Rogers called it "cruel and callous" for Congress to go home without providing for the disabled veterans. John Rankin, chairman of the World War Veterans Committee, said he would oppose any adjournment until mustering-out pay had been considered.

Their efforts were futile. But the protest that his failure to act inspired was too much for Mr. May. On December 20, from his home in Prestonsburg, he telephoned Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, to say that his committee would report out a bill "within two or three days after the House reconvenes January 10."

Mr. May came back to Washington January 4, (it was now 1944), inwardly seething from the lashing he had taken from public opinion, generated by The American Legion's plea for adequate mustering-out pay.

"We are going to dispose of this matter in very short order," he said. "Our committee holds its first regular meeting on Tuesday, January 11, the day after Congress reconvenes. We will report out a mustering-out pay bill that day."

His committee did report out a bill — a meager, inadequate bill with a maximum of \$300 — \$200 below the figure the Legion had asked, and the Senate had adopted.

The measure was sent to conference between representatives of the House and Senate to compromise the difference in the figures. On the first day the conferees met, I was waiting outside the committee room in the Capitol with Frank K. Reilly, correspondent for the *Boston American*. As May left the room Reilly and I went up to him to ask what progress had been made.

"What is your name?" he asked Reilly. Reilly told him. May said:

"I just wanted to know if David Camelon was here."

I told him my name was Camelon.

"I'll give no more interviews to you," he said. "Why did you say that I sneaked out of Washington?"

"Because," I told him, "you left without notice, and because you left the Military Affairs Committee without authority to function. Mr. May, you consider yourself a powerful figure in Washington — a big man who can deprive the veterans of proper mustering-out pay."

"I am a big man in Washington," May retorted. "I'm sufficiently big to tell you this:

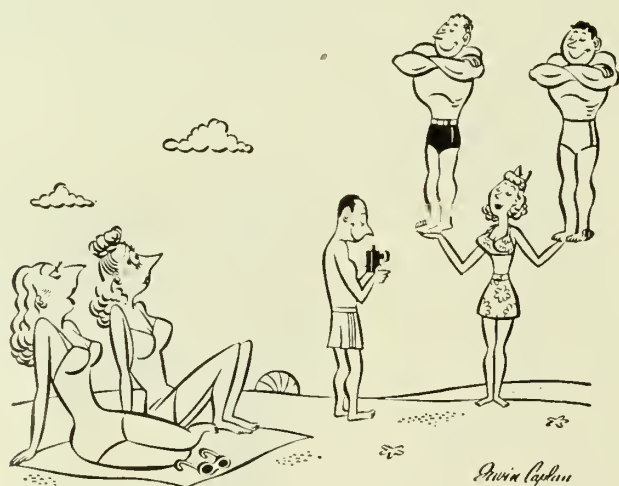
"If you say any more about me sneaking out of Washington, you make arrangements with the undertaker before you do!"

With that threat, May turned, and strode off down the corridor. Twenty feet away, he turned, and repeated:

"Remember — before you mention me again, you consult the undertaker — because, brother, you'll need him!"

(Continued Next Month)

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THE TOWN THAT CAME BACK

(Continued from page 28)

before the day was over. They decided that the only way to fight fire was with fire — the only way to keep people in town was to make it able for them to prosper at home. They decided to build a factory!

"What kind of a plant? Who's going to pay for it? And who'll operate it?" asked hardware merchant Charles Newton.

"I don't know yet. We'll worry about that later. Meanwhile we've got to lay back our ears and go at it," answered Hardy.

They started the ball rolling by forming the Buchanan Building Company with W. O. Strickland, a retired merchant, as president. Hardy, who had been an accountant before the war, found himself the star salesman of the outfit. Dave, a machinist before his SeeBee days, was pressed into service as his adjutant. Their

trip to a nearby town, they stopped in for a cup of coffee in Bremen, seven miles from Buchanan. Seated at the lunchroom counter was an old friend of Hardy's, Henry Bell, manager of the Arrow shirt factory.

"Hello boys," he said. "We've been hearing about that white elephant of yours. Have any takers yet?"

"Sorry we can't say yes, Henry," answered Hardy. "Incidentally, we haven't gotten a bid from Arrow yet. Interested?"

Henry Bell laughed. "I wish I could say yes. But it seems to me that you're up against a tough problem as far as we're concerned. We'd need at least 200 people to run it — almost a third of Buchanan."

"I'll tell you what, Henry. Let us get up a list of people — 200 of them — and bring it to you. Give us just 24 hours to do it. If we succeed, how about talking turkey with us."

"I don't know, boys. I'd have to take it up with the main office. But go ahead and get me the list — 24 hours, that's all. We'll see you only then."

Dave and Hardy didn't wait to say goodbye or finish the coffee. Within a few minutes, Operation Salvation was under way. Dave cajoled the jalopy along broken down back-country roads and rang the doorbells of sleepy farmers and their shotgun-toting wives. Hardy sent out postcards to nearly everybody in the county. And by sundown the next day, they had put together a list of 500 people who wanted to work in a shirt factory.

When Bell saw the list, he shook his head and mumbled something unintelligible, shook his head again, and picked up the phone. Two days later, Arrow officials signed a lease.

Today, some two years later, few can recognize the face of Buchanan. It has doubled its population. It boasts a brand-new laundry, a sewage disposal plant, a movie theater, and a paved highway. It has over 18 new businesses, and the town square has been freshly manicured. A 30-bed hospital takes care of its sick — and the newborn who will never wander off as their parents did. The Alta Vista housing development is adding to its 35 homes each month, and the county courthouse gleams in a new coat of paint. Every day, the townspeople gather around the iron railing at the courthouse and gossip about the new fire truck with its 3000 feet of hose — and there are a lot of youngsters among them who speak with the same kind of quiet pride.

There was a big celebration the day the plant was opened. Arrow shirt executives flew down from New York to pay out the first week's wages in silver cartwheels, the first installment on the largest payroll that Buchanan had ever seen. There were parades, parties, dances. And taking only the same part as the rest of the villagers, were Dave and Hardy. Dave, as an official of the plant, did a lot of handshaking. Hardy drove his folks over in a new oil delivery truck, the latest addition to an expanding oil distributing business.

They both spoke about how big their town will be some day.

THE END

How Many Lives Has This Magazine?



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job — to sell shares in the future of Buchanan.

What they lacked in finesse, they made up with dawn-to-dusk plugging. Ordinary citizens found themselves chipping in with whatever they had, and large blocks of \$100 to \$4,000 were bought by business and professional men. After a few weeks, Dave and Hardy found that they had raised the astonishing sum of \$35,000!

"There's nothing to stop us from starting our factory," they announced, and within a few days plans were drawn for a one-story structure that would have 16,000 square feet of floor space. Before the dumfounded gaze of hill-country farmers, the foundations were dug, and the walls started rising. And now came the hard part — how were they going to get a tenant to fill their cement shell?

They piled into Dave's mud-spattered jalopy and systematically made the rounds of the firms in the vicinity. The first outfit they approached turned them down flatly.

"We aren't interested in Buchanan — and what's more, we can't see who would be," snapped the manager.

Still not discouraged, they set their sights on another company which had indicated interest even before the plant was started. This too petered out by the time contract-signing rolled around. For three months this string of failures stretched. They were about ready to admit defeat.

One day, on their way home from a

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WANT TO CATCH A "WHITE WHALE"?

*You can harpoon one from a small
boat in Hudson Bay*

By A. R. PINCI

"WHITE WHALING" may be regarded as the newest big-league sport. By taking you to Hudson Bay it offers a novel vacation. And, if you hunt or fish, the so-called white whale is an unusual quarry.

The white whale which sports in Hudson Bay and in shallow northern waters along the Alaskan coast, and sometimes in the St. Lawrence River and in Whale River, Maine, is not a true whale. It is related to the dolphins and porpoises, which are distantly related to the whale.

Not as big as a whale, the white whale is big enough for you (the record is about 20 feet in length) and you can catch one quite inexpensively and no less comfortably than you can do off-shore fishing along our sea coast. And today you can start from any point in the United States, take the family along, harpoon a white whale in Hudson Bay, and be back in two weeks.

This snowy creature, known to Eskimos as the *mukbuk*, appears in Hudson Bay in the summer months. There, if your marksmanship with a harpoon is any good at all, you ought to make a catch, since the white whale is readily visible above or below the surface.

Your destination is Churchill, on the western shore of the bay. This country isn't as forbidding as it used to be, although its inaccessibility hadn't entirely vanished when I first visited the neighborhood and saw the railroad under construction twenty years ago. But now you can fly, or you can go by train — even in the winter — and you can go as far as The Pas by auto, and take a 510-mile train trip from there to Churchill. There is a \$113.50 all-expense round-trip vacationists' train from Winnipeg, available in mid-August, especially intended for the white whale catch. Winnipeg is the focus by car or rail from the U.S. and Canada Highway No. 10 goes to The Pas from Winnipeg.

At Churchill, one of the oldest settlements on this continent, and now a modern terminus and port, all equipment may be rented on the spot for any kind of fishing or hunting expedition. For the mere touring visitor no special clothing is needed, other than an overcoat for nights. In midsummer you can bask under the long northern sun in a tropical swim suit.

On Hudson Bay you may find white whales traveling in schools of hundreds, with one, two or three leaders. The "whales" periodically leap out of the water after the manner of dolphins. They may not lead your boat far afield, but will give you a zigzag course to follow. Average specimens range from ten to fourteen feet in length and weigh about 100 pounds per foot of length.

You will see the white whales swimming in an irregular roll at an hourly



"WHITE WHALE" excursion train runs from Winnipeg to Churchill. Autos may go from U.S. as far as The Pas



PUBLICITY PHOTO demonstrates what geographers know — "white whale" country is comfortably warm in the long summer sunlight

speed of six to eight miles. You may stalk them from a light-motored canoe or boat, painted snow white so as not to alarm the quarry. Being a mammal, the white whales must come to the surface at least once in three minutes to breathe. This gives you twenty chances an hour to take aim. And beneath the surface, the game presents an even better target, when resting in the extremely clear water a fathom or two down.

Your first step, after choosing a particular "whale" is to harpoon it. You station yourself at the bow or the stern and when the guide gives you the nod you heave the harpoon. The kill is done with a high-powered rifle. The catch is then secured to a rope and towed ashore. It is, of course, too big to take home or stuff for a mantelpiece trophy, but very little of the animal is wasted because it is commercially important.

In profile the white whale has a curiously human appearance. One sportsman, upon looking at his catch sideways, said it reminded him of his first boss when the latter angrily protruded his lower lip. You'll see a creature with a blunt head, eight or ten teeth, and a neck devoid of vertebrae. The eyes are small and the ears are very minute. Dark at birth, within four or five years the *mukbuk* turns milky white.

Indian and Eskimo tribes have sustained life with *mukbuk*. It has been their food, their cover, their fuel. Its rich oil when refined makes a superior salve. Once known to traders as "porpoise hide," the inch-thick skin is smooth and makes

leather soft as kid. Cooked, it is of decided shrumpy flavor, because shrimp is the white whale's pet food, for which it dives to great depths. Sir Leopold McClintock, a noted traveler, and Hans Egede, a Danish missionary, lauded the qualities of "*mukbuk* steak" when marinated with vinegar and salt.

Although its existence has been long known, detailed facts about the white whale are incomplete. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has little information about it. In prewar Russia the People's Commissariat of Fisheries recommended after prolonged studies and counts that these dolphins, now outside international whaling agreements, be suitably included and protected against possible extermination. The Hudson Bay sport is well within protection limits.

There are two authentic instances of the white whale in captivity. One, in London, in 1878. The other was kept at an Atlantic City pier in 1908 and studied by Frederick W. True, then curator of the United States National Museum. It recognized its keeper, responded to feeding signals, and liked being stroked. It was very playful, tossing about the stones at the bottom of the huge tank, and when a very small shark was put in with it the white whale carried it about in its mouth much as a cat carries a kitten, releasing it unhurt, and starting all over again.

So there is novelty, diversion and education in a vacation or sports outing either to hunt or just look at the closest known things to a race of Moby Dicks.

THE END

HOW TO WELCOME BURGLARS

(Continued from page 23)

borne out by official reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The F.B.I.'s statistics are frightening. They show that, on an average, more than 1,000 burglaries are committed every day.

Almost 400,000 burglaries, the F.B.I. says, took place in the United States, last year, an increase of over 100,000 since 1944.

Recently, the F.B.I. made a study of burglary in some 344 cities with populations of over 25,000. It found that in these cities alone there were 173,047 burglaries in 1948. The loot amounted to \$22,055,563, an average of \$127 for each burglary.

F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover terms the situation "alarming." He told this magazine:

"One of the most pressing problems facing law enforcement organizations today is the continued increase in the crime of burglary."

And these burglaries are going to continue to increase, Mr. Hoover feels, until the American public learns to take proper precautions against them.

How do the burglars operate?

Take dapper Gerard Graham Dennis, the most successful and notorious "Raffles" in recent years. This 28-year-old Canadian was arrested in Cleveland last winter for thefts of over a half-million dollars from homes in California and New York.

Dennis's phantom-like activities baffled police for over three years. He was what

is known as a "cat man," climbing in the upstairs windows of suburban homes, ransacking them and making off with furs and jewelry.

It didn't matter to Dennis whether the owners of a house were at home or not when he paid them a visit. The entire family of Jules M. Gorlitz was in their Mamaroneck, N. Y. house, for example, when Dennis came to call.

While the Gorlitzes played cards in their living room, Dennis scaled a trellis and jimmied open a bathroom window. In the window he went and on to the bedrooms. Working in his stockinged feet, he carefully searched every bedroom until he found the gems he was after. Not one member of the family heard him as he made off with some \$35,000 in jewelry.

He used much the same method when he burglarized the West Los Angeles home of screen star Loretta Young. His "bundle" there, to use the underworld phrase for "loot," was \$20,000 plus.

Pretty Maureen Elizabeth Murphy employed different tactics in her burglarizing expeditions. Maureen, a green-eyed, red-headed girl of 22, made quite a killing until the police caught up with her, last April.

Maureen was a "matinee burglar." She did most of her marauding between three and five in the afternoon, a period when many housewives are at the movies.

Last March, for instance, Maureen dropped in on the Russell Dill home in

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Bronxville, N. Y. Smartly-dressed, she attracted no attention as she walked up to the back door and rang the bell. No one responded so she rang it again and again. Finally, convinced that no one was at home, she picked up a small rock, wrapped it in a towel she had brought with her, and broke a window.

Inside of seconds, she was in the house. According to the Bronxville police, she got away with "several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry."

When it comes to the techniques of apartment house burglars, New York City police still talk about George Feld, the fabulous "Celluloid Burglar."

Feld, whose career goes back decades, once committed 50 apartment-house burglaries in two months. Most of the time, he merely used a simple strip of stiff celluloid to gain entry. First, he telephoned or rang the bell to see whether anyone was at home. If the coast was clear, he slipped the celluloid between the jamb and the door, pulling it down toward the lock. With his adept hands, it was easy then to manipulate the celluloid between the strike of the door and the tongue of the lock. One twist and he could open any spring lock.

He had another system, too. The police say he occasionally would wrap his fist in a handkerchief and strike a door in such a manner that the lock tumblers would momentarily loosen.

By the time the New York police colared him in 1948, Feld had pulled off jobs totaling close to \$500,000.

Don't think that it's solely the swanky places that draw the intruders. Actually, nine out of ten burglaries are committed in the smaller middle-income and poorer homes.

There are even burglars who steal from starving tenement dwellers.

Burglars rarely stray from their field. The man who goes in for burglary doesn't, as a rule, indulge in safe-cracking or confidence games. When the ill-reputed

George Feld was arrested, he proudly told the New York City police:

"I am exclusively a burglar. I don't go in for heisting."

By "heisting" he meant armed hold-ups. Among night-time burglars there is a small group known as "pants men." Because four out of five American males keep their wallets in their trousers and for the most part drape the trousers over a chair at night, your "pants man" concentrates on these.

Right now, the Yonkers police are hunting a "pants man" who has pulled off a dozen or more such thefts in recent months. The New York City police are after him, too.

Working between one and four a.m., this "pants man" has in most cases been getting away without even being seen. He ignores jewelry, but now and then does take a lady's handbag. Incidentally, police say that women are as careless about where they lay their purses at night as men are with their wallets.

Twice, the Yonkers "pants man" has been spotted. Not long ago, a woman awakened to find the "pants man" in her bedroom. The room was dark and she couldn't see his face.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Just me," the figure in the shadows said.

Thinking it was her son, the woman went back to sleep. She later discovered that a wallet with \$40 in it was gone.

Another time, a couple came home later from a party to find the "pants man" in their house. They notified the police who quickly arrived and threw a cordon around the block.

While the police were making a house-to-house search of this block, the "pants man" was calmly breaking into a house on the next street.

Some women burglars make a specialty of masquerading as domestic servants and then cleaning out their employers. One of the best of them is "Madame Queen." This

220-pound Harlem resident, whose real name is Peggy Townsend, has made a science out of duping careless housewives.

Early last May, for instance, "Madame Queen" answered a help-wanted ad for a maid inserted by the wife of a New York City department store magnate. She made such a good impression that the lady hired her on the spot without bothering to check a single reference.

That very afternoon, while her new employer was out of the apartment, "Madame Queen" absconded with over \$50,000 worth of furs and jewelry.

"My wife and I were completely taken in by her," another of "Madame Queen's" victims has stated. "What especially attracted us was her most angelic voice."

The "angelic voice" cost this couple over \$5,000.

Fortunately, "Madame Queen"—angelic voice and all—now has a prison address.

The reason why burglars like "Madame Queen," George Feld and the others get away with so much, so easily, is a simple one. The experts say that it's due to the incredible carelessness of most Americans.

Listen to J. B. Franklin on the subject. An old-time "private eye," Franklin has been investigating burglars and burglaries for the past 36 years. He now is in charge of the burglary department of the Globe Indemnity Insurance Company.

"The truth of the matter is," he says, "that people not only fail to take proper precautions against being burglarized but they actually help the burglars to rob them."

Franklin lists three principal ways in which householders help burglars. They are:

The average person doesn't even trouble to install good locks, let alone buttress weak doors and windows.

Most people practically advertise their absence from home. When they are out for an evening, they turn off their lights and leave the house in conspicuous darkness. When they go on a trip, they allow piles of newspapers and rows of milk bottles to accumulate in front of their doors. And a score of other equally foolish things.

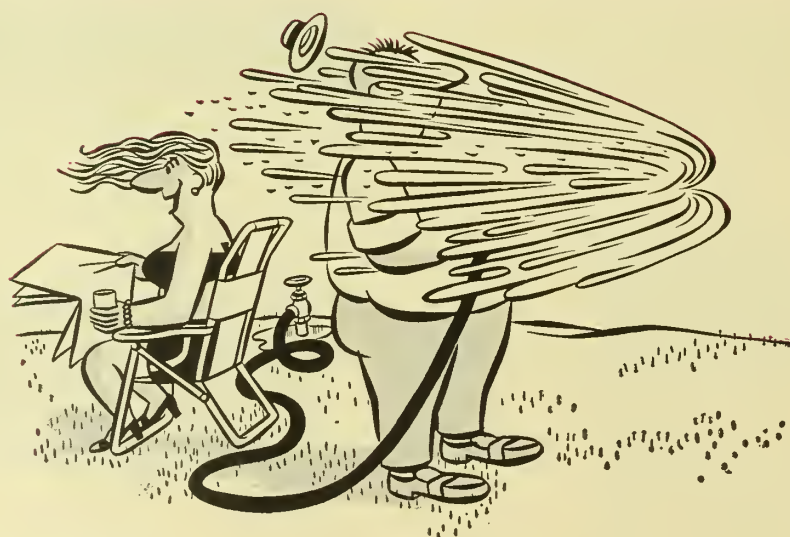
Most people keep their valuables in the most obvious places, the very spots that burglars always look for—like jewelry in the lingerie drawer or money under the mattress.

Says Franklin:

"People just don't realize how serious is the burglary threat and how large are the odds that a burglar will soon be breaking into their homes."

In this connection, *The American Legion Magazine* asked F.B.I. Director Hoover for his suggestions on how people can best protect themselves against burglars. This is what he said:

"Those who live in city apartments, in houses in a residential area, or on farms in rural areas might well consider following these suggestions when leaving their homes for the evening: (1) leave a light burning in some room; turn off the porch light; (2) leave no notes indicating time of returning; (3) do not pull down window shades; (4) do not leave your key under the mat, over the door or in the mailbox; (5) securely lock all windows



TOM
HENDERSON

"What a perfectly delightful breeze!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

and doors; the latter should be double-locked if possible; (6) close garage doors; open garage doors reveal absence; (7) suggest to your neighbor that he keep an eye on your house or apartment, and tell him how long you will remain away."

Hoover continued:

"On leaving your home for an extended period, (1) do not have the newspapers publish the fact that you are leaving; (2) be sure to advise the milkman to stop milk deliveries, and ask the newspaper carrier to discontinue service; (3) ask the mail carrier to hold or forward your mail; (4) arrange with a neighbor to remove any articles of advertising matter which may be left on your porch or before your door; such material advertises an unoccupied house and invites burglaries; (5) leave the key to your home with some responsible person so that entry may be made to your property without damage in case of emergency; (6) all money, valuable jewelry and other articles that can easily be taken by a burglar should be removed from the home and appropriately stored; it is not wise to attempt to secrete money or other valuables behind pictures, under rugs, in the crockery or in mattresses because these are the first places a thief will search; (7) again make certain all doors and windows are securely locked and fastened; (8) notify the police when you are leaving and the approximate date of your return.

"Other precautionary measures to be taken by the home renter, home owner or the apartment dweller might include the following: (1) carefully examine the defenses of the house or apartment; make

sure your residence is adequately secure; (2) consider whether there are outstanding doorkeys in the possession of former tenants or servants; if you have any doubts, install new locks on all doors, and avoid locks of such simple construction that they are easily opened."

To these suggestions, Captain Ray Maguire, the ace burglary specialist of the New York City Police Department adds one point. He urges each house and apartment dweller to rig up an alarm system for every door and window.

"No matter how Rube Goldberg-like a contraption it is," Captain Maguire says, "it will chase burglars away."

Mr. Franklin contributes another idea. "There's nothing like a dog to help keep burglars away. Not necessarily a savage dog, but any kind of pooch that will bark loudly at strangers. Burglars hate noise more than anything else."

All experts advise, by the way, that the man or woman who finds a burglar in the house keep very quiet and never, never attempt to tussle with him. While burglars rarely use guns, they often carry blackjacks and knives, and will wield them to avoid capture. The best thing to do if you awaken and hear a burglar in the house is to stay silent and in bed.

If your house is burglarized notify the police at once. The scene should be protected and everything left exactly as you found it. The moving of any article in your residence may destroy valuable evidence the police may develop later.

Taking proper care of your home will save you money. It may save your life.

THE END

EVERYBODY GETS A BREAK

(Continued from page 20)

Other American firms have often competed with them tooth and nail, and German and Japanese manufacturers have fought them for world markets, but most of their competitors lost their shirts. Due to the spirit of enthusiastic teamwork which they have stimulated in every branch of what is often called "The Happy Daisy Family," they have been able to out-distance all rivals by the simple but unbeatable expedient of turning out a better product for a lower price than anyone else.

This happy family spirit was the first thing which impressed me when I visited the Daisy plant recently. Located at Plymouth, Michigan, twenty miles west of downtown Detroit, it is housed in a sprawling assembly of buildings which "just grew," but there is no fence around it and no lynx-eyed company cop barred my approach. The ivy-covered main building looks more like a college than a factory, employees eat their lunches on picnic tables outside in the summertime, and some of them like the place so much that they get to work ahead of time just to loaf on the friendly front steps.

Inside, not even a secretary challenged me when I entered the office of Cass S. Hough, the war hero I mentioned, who is Executive Vice-President and the most active administrative chief of the company. Mr. Hough's door is always open to everybody. He is called "Cass" by all the employees; his father, Edward C.

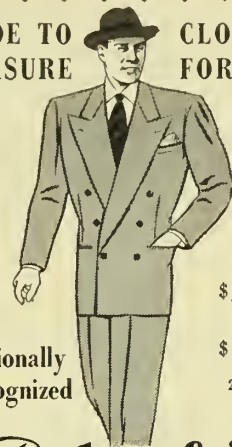
Hough, 77, Vice-President and Treasurer, is known simply as "Ed"; and the latter's cousin, Charles H. Bennett, the 87-year-old President of the company, is just plain "Uncle Charley."

These men are the Big Three of Daisy, but even the newest employee doesn't hesitate to swap jokes with them or approach them with suggestions on how to run the business. When they stroll through the plant they are stopped constantly by employees who want them to look at snapshots of their children, have a cup of coffee with them or just chat.

This same informal family atmosphere pervades the whole Daisy operation. There are no high pressure production experts on the payroll, no driving superintendents or tough foremen. They just are not needed. Since every employee knows that the employees' share of the company's share, he realizes it behooves him not only to accomplish as much work as he can but to see to it that his fellow-employees do the same. As a result, the seemingly easy-going Daisy plant turns out more work per man hour than most of the factories operated on high-pressure lines, and it regularly exceeds its own production standards by from 10 to 15 percent.

One of the problems of the management, in fact, is that of keeping some employees from being too hard on certain other employees. If a man or woman

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shows signs of soldiering on the job, he or she is apt to get "called" by some other worker. Anyone who requests anyone else to punch his time card for him is frowned upon. If an employee is guilty of wasting company material or of dishonesty of any kind, his fellow employees may demand his dismissal.

This occurred a few months ago when a man attempted to carry a few pounds of B-Bs out of the plant in his lunch box. The lunch box popped open as he was going down a flight of wooden steps, the B-Bs cascaded after him in a noisy Niagara, and other workers who witnessed the incident were so indignant that they brought up the matter at a meeting of their independent union. Since the man was an old employee, the management insisted on overlooking the affair but many employees felt the company was overly-lenient in letting him get away with filching their B-Bs.

Realizing they're much better off than most industrial workers, the employees display no desire to become affiliated with a national labor group. Once, in 1937, they accepted an AFL charter and went on a sit-down strike in sympathy with other workers in the Detroit area, but the strike fizzled in a few days and the employees rejected their charter. That was the only strike which has ever occurred in Daisy's 60-year history.

Besides virtually supervising themselves in the production department, Daisy employees take an intense interest in other matters concerning the company's prospects. Twice a month, top executives of the firm invite union representatives to discuss general distribution and sales problems with them. Proposed advertising layouts are placed before them and if they have suggestions for changing or improving the ads, as they often do have, these are carefully considered. In every branch of the Daisy operation, the employee is made to feel he is not merely an employee but a partner as well.

This policy has paid large dividends not only in increased effort on the part of employees but in ideas which they have contributed for time-saving and material-saving practices and devices.

Until a few years ago, for example, the production of the shot tubes which go inside of air rifle barrels was often delayed because the tubes got stuck on the arbors or forms around which they were pressed. When this happened, the operator had to stop his machine and pull the tube off by hand. A bright employee devised a mechanical hand for snatching the tubes off the arbors and, as a result, girl machine operators now turn out many more shot tubes in a day than men operators used to produce.

He was rewarded for his idea, of course, as workers are for helpful suggestions in many other industries, but Daisy employees are more prolific with money-saving ideas than those in most places.

In addition to air rifles, the company builds millions of smaller toy guns and water pistols every year, and in these departments, too, the suggestions of employees have resulted in substantial economies. The welding of an inner part inside of water pistol casings formerly required two complete operations. A welder got to thinking about it one day, decided the practice was wasteful, and worked out an improvement for the welding machines which now makes it possible to perform the whole job in one operation.

In the department where B-B shot are made, the savings effected by employee ingenuity have been even more spectacular. In former years, the machines used for grading shot were only partially efficient and 5 percent of all the good B-Bs manufactured had to be discarded. A group of employees designed a new type of grading machine—it works on the simple principle that a perfectly round ball will roll down hill faster than one which isn't round—and, as a result, more than a quarter of a ton of B-Bs are saved every day.

Even in small things, Daisy employees are constantly on the alert to save money for the company and, consequently, for themselves. They turn off electric lights so assiduously that stock rooms, corridors and toilets are virtually always in total darkness, and they even worry about the plant's water bills.

"Aren't we spending a terrible lot for water?" an employee asked Vice-President Cass Hough one day.

Cass admitted the bill was large, the employee said he figured it was because the drinking fountains were kept running constantly to keep the water cool, and suggested electric water coolers. The coolers were installed and, in less than a year, paid for themselves in water bill savings.

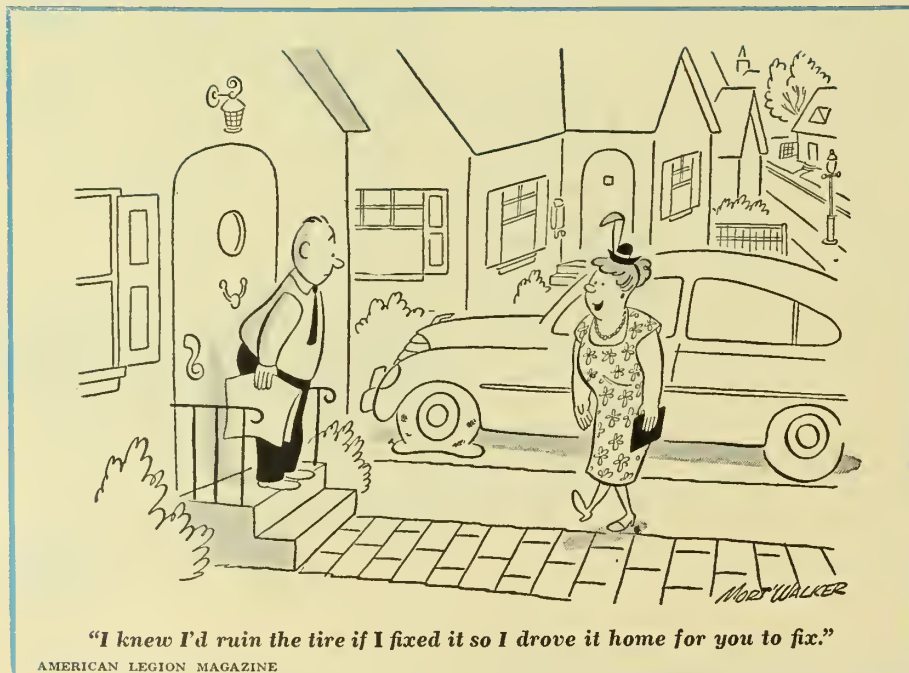
It was an ingenious employee of the Hough family, as a matter of fact, who was responsible for the birth of the whole Daisy enterprise. Nobody seems to know exactly who invented the first air rifle, but in 1888 wooden air guns were already being manufactured on a small scale in Plymouth by William F. Markham, a colorful character who was known as "Captain" because he maintained a sporty launch on a local lake. L. C. Hough, the grandfather of Cass, was then in the business of manufacturing iron windmills in Plymouth, but had no thought of making air guns until one of his employees, a Clarence Hamilton, approached him one day.

Hamilton, a born tinkerer, had formerly worked for Captain Markham; he hated him heartily for personal reasons, and, to get even with him, designed a better type of gun than he was manufacturing, built a model of it, and offered it to Hough. Hamilton's gun incorporated the same basic mechanical principles that are used today and when Hough saw it he was so impressed that he described it in current slang as "a daisy." Then he called a meeting of his windmill company directors and they voted to manufacture it as a sideline.

These first Daisies were introduced to the public by the present president of the company, Uncle Charley Bennett, while traveling through the Michigan countryside as a young salesman of Hough's windmills. He would toss a few air guns into the back of his buggy and often give one to a farmer in exchange for bed and board. Uncle Charley doesn't quite remember how many eggs one gun entitled him to for breakfast—or whether the farmer's daughter had a Daisy rating—but in 1889 he went to Chicago and put over a big deal. He sold 10,000 air rifles to a distributor at one crack and that transaction started Daisy on its way to greater things.

But the budding company had to fight for its existence. Rival firms sprang up in New England, in Grand Rapids, in Saginaw, and the stiffest competition of all developed right next door. Enraged by what Hamilton had done to him, Captain Markham appropriated some of the best features of the Daisy, put up a large plant in Plymouth and started turning out the "King" air rifle, which was sold to millions mainly through mail order houses early in the century.

The Daisy and King companies fought



"I knew I'd ruin the tire if I fixed it so I drove it home for you to fix."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

bitterly in court over patent rights and their rivalry became so intense that Plymouth's population was divided into two factions, like the Guelfs and Ghibellines of medieval Italy. A large and choleric man who wore a silk hat and yellow suede gloves, Captain Markham would become so impassioned at times that he would grab one of his King air rifles and take potshots at Cass's father, Ed Hough, when he walked past his office.



Right from the start, however, the Daisy Company pursued a policy of being more generous with its employees than the King Company or any of its other competitors. In addition to paying top wages, it introduced the then almost unheard of practice of paying employees sizable annual bonuses. The day before Christmas, a large Christmas tree would be set up in the Daisy plant, and on the tree would be hung a little bag of jingling \$20 gold pieces for every man and woman who worked for the company.

Due to these practices, which enabled Daisy to procure and keep better employees than its rivals, and its policy of plowing a large amount of cash back into advertising every year, Daisy slowly but surely forged ahead of the field. One by one, it bought out air gun companies in other places and steadily broadened its markets in the United States and all over the world.

Once, in China, Uncle Charley met with a temporary set-back when the Mandarin of a wealthy province refused to permit the transportation of Daisies because he considered them lethal weapons. To prove they were relatively harmless, Uncle Charley bent over and invited the gentleman to shoot him. The Mandarin peppered his posterior, Uncle Charley merely smiled and, almost needless to add, he won his point. China became an important market for Daisies and so did the British Isles, South Africa, Argentina, and nearly every other country you can think of.

In 1914, Daisy purchased the King Company from Captain Markham and since then has reigned supreme in the air rifle business, but year by year has operated on the same basis that it would if it had a thousand competitors. When the Great Depression came, the company's earnings dropped to such an extent that the employees' bonuses had to be paid out of reserve funds in 1932, but they were paid even in that dark year, and instead of curtailing operations as many other industries were doing at the time, Daisy in-

creased production by making "A B-B Gun for a Buck" and advertising it widely in the comic books which were then first becoming popular.

Young Cass Hough, just out of the University of Michigan, was largely responsible for this program. He made merchandising tie-ups with famous comic artists, started turning out a "Red Ryder Carbine" and a "Buck Rogers Pistol," and organized a program through which the company entered into chummy correspondence with literally millions of boys. These tactics increased production to such an extent that, before the depression ended, the plant was operating 24 hours a day.

The war brought a halt to this bonanza by drying up Daisy's sources of sheet metal and calling Cass to the colors. A fighter pilot in the Air Force reserve, he entered the service in the summer of 1940 as a second lieutenant and came out in the summer of 1945 a full colonel with seven battle stars, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Legion of Merit, the Air Medal with Three Clusters, the Belgian Croix de Guerre, and other decorations too numerous to mention.

Cass collected most of these honors while serving as an officer and, later, as co-commander of the Technical Operations Group of the Eighth Air Force. This group, which was variously known as "The Twenty-oneth Air Force" and "Murder Incorporated," served in a guinea pig capacity for the Eighth Air Force. Whenever anything went wrong with a new type of aircraft in combat, or when a particular tactic failed, Cass and his pals were assigned to repeat the operation and discover what had gone wrong.

In this anything but dull job, Cass was among the first fighter pilots to fly over the Berlin area and flew on more than fifty other combat missions. He was the main force behind the development of the "droop snoot"—a new nose for the P-38 Lightning—and played a part in developing the so-called Disney penetration bomb which was employed to smash German submarine pens. Also, he and his co-commander, Colonel Ben Kelsey, were responsible for capturing the only piece of enemy ground ever accredited to the Air Force.

This happened in 1944, a few weeks after the allied armies had broken out of the Normandy beachhead, when General Jimmy Doolittle directed Cass and Kelsey to make a reconnaissance of the little island of Cezembre, about two miles off the coast of Brittany. This island, only one mile long and a half mile wide, was heavily fortified by the Germans with eight and ten-inch guns and, while it had been bombed and shelled repeatedly, still controlled entrance to the port of St. Malo, which the allies wanted very much.

Cass and Kelsey, in two P-38s, flew around the island at low altitude, just skimming the waves, and, just to see what would happen, fired into the mouths of the German gun casements. One or more of their shots apparently hit a shell magazine for there was a heavy explosion and, a moment later, Germans came running out of nearby fortifications waving two white flags. The two colonels flew around

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the island again, more white flags appeared, and they encountered no resistance.

Upon observing this, Cass and Kelsey communicated by radio with the Army on the mainland and ground troops were rushed over in boats to occupy Cezembre. Thus, for the first time in history, and the last so far, the Air Force was given credit for actually taking territory away from the enemy.

After the war in Europe ended, Cass and his outfit were slated to go to Okinawa, but while they were awaiting orders at Hamilton Field the Japanese surrendered. Shortly afterward, Cass received a cable from Doolittle who was in the Pacific theatre. "Go home," the cable said, "and start making B-B guns."

Cass obeyed orders. He took back to Plymouth with him three Air Force comrades who are now working up to important jobs in the Daisy Company, and one of his first acts was to work out with his father and Uncle Charley the retirement plan which gives every employee a chance to accumulate a fat nest egg. Previously profits had been shared with employees on a cash basis but they had not

been given this vested interest in the concern.

In addition to sharing profits, everyone on the Daisy payroll is the recipient of a group life insurance policy and receives hospitalization coverage for himself and his dependents. Also, under a group incentive pay plan, every worker receives extra money during every week that production of the plant as a whole exceeds the established production rate. Since production invariably exceeds this standard, as I have said, the average Daisy employee takes home from \$4 to \$6 more every week than he would if he were doing comparable work at almost any other factory in the Detroit area.

While members of the Hough and Bennett families own 87 percent of the stock of the Daisy Company, they have never drawn large dividends out of the business and do not live on a much more elaborate scale than their employees. Cass and his department heads take their mid-day meal in a small lunch room where many of their employees also eat. They bowl and play softball with the employees, and twice a year, on profit-sharing days, two big parties are staged in Plymouth.

At a get-together in a local theatre, company activities are reviewed and dividend checks distributed. This usually takes most of an afternoon. Then the union has a party for its members to which members of management are invited and at which Uncle Charley is usually prevailed upon to recite "Darius Green and His Flying Machine."

The problems that confront many industries are different from those that Daisy has to cope with, of course, but after visiting the Happy Daisy Family I wondered if hundreds of other companies might not do well to follow the path which Daisy has blazed in labor-management relations. If they did, we would certainly have less industrial strife and there would be no danger of communism getting a serious foothold in this country.

In newspapers and magazines, in books and on the radio, we are constantly told that capitalistic enterprise is a fine thing. The Daisy Manufacturing Company has actually proved it can be a fine thing. This firm which makes air rifles for your kids and mine offers one of America's very best examples of capitalism in action.

THE END

TWO MORE ROOMS FOR LESS THAN \$600

(Continued from page 25)

for you and your wife. And that \$600 includes all the furniture!

It's really a cinch. And a lot of fun, too, for both you and the Mrs. All you have to do is some careful planning, a little sawing, hammering and wiring, and then a bit of judicious shopping. Some of your free evenings, a few weekends, and your kids will have a bedroom of their own, and a private living room, too.

Just look at the sketches and you'll find how simple it is. The first thing to do is to survey your attic and see what you can do with it. Most attics have a stairway at or very near to the center, which makes a natural dividing line for the two new rooms you want. On the right of it, you can have a double bedroom, fitted out in these sketches for boys, but just as easily laid out for girls. On the left, you can have a combination study-game room, with every inch of space used to give the utmost in facilities for homework and homeplay. In the center, between the two rooms, you can have a clothes closet.

By using unfinished furniture, or second-hand items, the cost of furnishing the two rooms will scarcely dent your bank account.

When you're marking out the boundaries of the two rooms, you want to remember that it's not only the length and width which are important. Height counts just as much. In the average attic, the sloping roof makes at least one-third of its area unlivable. The thing to do is to convert the space under the low eaves into effective storage space. Cabinets, chests of drawers and bookcases can be built right into these low spaces. In this way, the rest of the room can be kept relatively free of furniture and give an illusion of spaciousness.

Now, as to the construction work itself. First comes the insulation. Rock wool

batts are the finest and can be readily set in between the rafters. They come in standard sizes and require very little nailing. Just remember to line the entire roof right down to the floor.

Next come the walls. Those under the eaves should be placed at a point where the roof is four feet from the floor. The walls along the stairway can be eight feet high. You'll need a stringer (a 1" x 3" spruce board will do) at the bottom of the studs, and the same kind of a board (it's called a header) at their top. The studs for the side walls should be of 1½" x 3" spruce and be spaced 16 inches apart, from center to center. In plotting their location, be sure to leave space for room doors, closet doors and the various built-in units. Heavier studs of 2" x 4" spruce must be used for the stairway wall, and for the doorways and other openings. Cover the studs with wallboard. Your ceilings should be of the same material.

You'll want to finish off your rooms with baseboard of 1" x 4" pine, and with very thin strips of ¼" x 7/8" molding over the cracks between the wallboards. These same strips should be used wherever the wallboards jut against door or cabinet frames, and where they run into the ceiling. It probably will be cheaper for you to buy the door to the bedroom; you can get a standard size plywood door at a lumber yard. You'll have to build the seven smaller doors yourself. Use ¾" plywood. This same plywood is what you'll need for the desktops, too.

You're going to want floors in your rooms. Regular pine flooring will serve admirably. The more carefully you nail it down, the less creaks you'll have.

One more thing. Do the wiring before you've completed the carpentry, and be certain to provide for plenty of convenient base outlets. Use BX cable and run it be-

hind the walls, of course. In some areas, the local authorities may insist upon an inspection of such wiring.

None of this work is complicated. It may take time, but it demands neither skill nor experience. The carpentry consists merely of measuring, sawing and fitting. (Never forget that old adage: measure twice and cut once.) Lumber yards carry all the necessary materials and, as a rule, will cut them to size for only a slight additional charge.

You can get a wealth of advice from your lumber yard, from the wide assortment of very inexpensive bulletins put out by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and from the *Carpenters' and Builders' Guide*, a four volume set published by Theodore Audel & Co., 49 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

You can paint or wallpaper these rooms as you wish. However, you can get wallboard with a finished side which, left untouched, makes a nice-looking tan wall.

This is approximately what the construction work and the furnishings should cost for a 20' x 30' attic:

Insulation	\$ 77.00
Lumber (for studs, stringers, framing, baseboards and shelves) ...	58.00
Wallboard	63.00
Flooring	51.00
Wiring and 8 outlets	16.00
1 Prebuilt Door	15.00
Plywood for cabinet doors	25.00
Extras, hardware, nails, etc.	25.00
2 beds from 1 bunk	50.00
2 chests unfinished	40.00
4 files	80.00
2 stools	6.00
2 desk chairs	10.00
2 upholstered chairs	28.00
6 lamps	50.00
Total	\$594.00

THE END



FORTUNE IN FIGURINES

An idea born in the dense Solomon Islands jungles has been turned into a growing business by a former Georgia marine who settled in northern Wisconsin to carry it out.

Lewis McKerley, an Atlantan serving as a warrant officer with the First Marine Air arm, was working on a plaster relief map to aid bombing crews on their missions when it occurred to him that fine souvenirs could be fashioned from plaster if they had the right "touch."

With less than a \$2,000 investment, McKerley, on being discharged set up a plant in Homestead, Wis., where he is making tiny replicas of the many animals inhabiting the forests in the area.

Six months were needed to get his plant ready, then production began on figurines of deer, gophers, chipmunks, bears, and skunks. Many of the animals are depicted on plaster ash trays, which make fine gifts.

Production reached the 5,000-a-month figure recently, and indications are it may go higher for business is exceedingly good.

BARBECUE DOUGH

Ever since pigs were invented, the Georgia barbecue has been a wonderful institution. It raises funds for churches and charities. It draws crowds to political rallies. It stars at weddings, July 4th celebrations, and other great days. But it took a quintet of Columbus, Ga., veterans to put it on a production line.

Formerly a big barbecue meant naming a committee weeks ahead to figure probable attendance, scour the countryside for pork, hire butchers, barbecuers, sauce and Brunswick stew (named for a Georgia town) specialists, and supervise all details. Even then, if the crowd was too small they went in the red, and if too many showed up nobody got enough. It posed a tough problem in logistics. So Jack Key and Sonny Ellis, ex-Army, Frank Thompson and Bob Elliott, ex-Navy, and Harold Buck, ex-AF, devised a method — still carefully guarded — of pressure-barbecuing inside the smokehouse instead of over an open pit. It cooks the meat faster, more evenly, with less drying. They rigged up a truck with big heat-retaining cans, laid in a supply of pickles, potato chips, paper plates, and the other incidentals, and began to spread the 'cue 'n' stew with all the fixings, for any number of people, anywhere within driving range, at a flat rate per plate served. That was in the spring of 1948. By the end of the year, Southern Foods, Inc., was covering west Georgia with eight

McKerley's items retail for from 75 cents to \$2.50 each and are reaching markets throughout the country. He has outlets in big cities on both coasts and not long ago, he signed an agreement with a Chicago wholesale house to distribute his products. In addition, McKerley is busy selling to tourists who flock to northern Wisconsin in the summer.

McKerley carves his patterns from photographs and from mounted animal specimens. After they are made into molds, the figurines are dipped in lacquer, then painted. What helps sales boom, he feels, is his canny idea of attaching life-like "hair" to the animals.

The hair, he smilingly explains, is adhesive rayon material which is blown on to the figurines with a spray gun. It is about 1/32 of an inch thick.

Helping McKerley is his wife, Tillie. That's why the firm is called Tillmac Handicraft. The address is Route 1, Box 141, Iron Mountain, Mich.

— BY C. J. PAPARA

such trucks, each with its own serving crew, and had dished out \$15,000 plates of the famous Dixie delicacy.

All they ask is the time, place, and probable attendance. From then on it's mass production in full bloom, with checklists, time schedules, and cross-inspections like a QM food depot. At the appointed hour, be it in Atlanta or an unincorporated rural community, a shiny blue-and-white-enameled truck rolls up. Five precision-trained servers, mostly ex-GIs, in spotless white, jump out and set up a chowline in a matter of minutes, and they never forget the napkins and toothpicks. Then the crew chief totals up the number of plates and presents his bill. Politicians or private hosts just write a check and it's all over. Charity groups assess each guest the plate cost plus a retail markup; this nets them more than if they fixed the spread themselves, they are insured against loss from a poor turnout, and there is never any problem of too much or too little food.

The piney-woods caterers have fed 1,200 people at one spread — that was a three-truck job. They have handled 15 parties in a single week; sometimes the same crew serves a party in one town at noon and in another town that night. So far their 1949 volume, from smokehouses that have a daily capacity of two tons of barbecue, has been double the 1948 rate.

— BY JOHN EASTER MINTER

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WHAT ARMY ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

(Continued from page 15)

cockroaches in peace. In fact, he is so lonely that nobody ever comes in to tell him his map is upside down.

At night, when the general returns to his forty-room villa, he is plagued by more troubles. He finds that his lovely but headstrong daughter Millicent has been galloping her Arabian jackass through the PX, and has hoofed down two peons of the sixth pay grade. A new lieutenant, who didn't know she was the general's daughter, tried to stop her, and she slapped his face. This caused them to fall in love over the prostrate bodies of the enlisted men. But Congress is threatening to investigate, and the kindly old general must put aside his plans for court-martialing three infantry Divisions to soothe his daughter's nerves. She is already engaged to the other lieutenant in the United States Army, and D-Day cannot be decided until Millicent's problem is solved.

As soon as our book general goes overseas, life becomes pretty grim. Although he was supplied with a mansion and Cadillac in this country, the moment he crosses the ocean he gets nothing but dysentery. He has to establish Headquarters in a cave he shares with five hundred Rocquefort cheeses, and his only light is a broken plumbers-candle.

While our lonely old general sits among the cheeses, shrugging rats off his shoulder straps and staring at his map, which is still upside-down, the enemy generals have it very fine indeed. All the enemy generals live in palaces, wear spotless uniforms, and drink champagne all day long. Even their maps are right side up.

When General Hermann von Zimpleshood strides to the door and bellows, "Gangengehenstehenabervonderubcrstal!" the joint begins to jump. Thousands of stalwart troopers leap into action. Motors roar, tanks press forward, and the sky is

filled with planes. Millions of enemy soldiers march into action, and not one is out of step. Every enemy soldier is stalwart, erect, with gleaming eyes and uniform. It seems impossible that anyone could defeat these supermen, and some of our authors aren't yet convinced they *were* beaten.

In contrast to the spit and polish in the enemy camp, everything is dismal in the American ranks. When our kindly old general stumbles along a dirty trench and asks his army how things are going, he gets a story that would make a chaplain swear.

The guns are rusty, the men are sick, the tanks are broken down, the machine guns are jammed, the supply trucks are stalled, and the weather is too bad for flights. The dank air is filled with complaints, whines, sobs and excuses, and our general drags himself back to look at his map again. For once his map is right side up, but alas! the general is upside down.

In addition to the kindly, lonely old general, the United States was also defended by two lieutenants, Roger and Harry. It makes no difference what branch of service the authors put them in, they are the same Roger and Harry in every book.

Lieutenant Roger is a steady, solidly good-looking young officer who is always neat and on time. He is always OD, and from dawn to dusk he makes inspection tours. In his spare time he studies military manuals. As soon as Lieutenant Roger is introduced it is made obvious that he is a grind, a schmo, and a witless fellow who doesn't know anything except how to command men. He has a kind but stern heart, he is fair to everyone, possesses a strong sense of duty, and nobody likes him. The only reason he is allowed to stay in the Army is so Lieu-

tenant Harry can borrow money from him.

Lieutenant Harry is the real hero of the war. Everybody loves him because he does such cute things. He has a moustache, a ready laugh, a convertible, beautifully tailored uniforms, an apartment, servants, money, unlimited freedom and no responsibilities. He is seldom, if ever, on duty, and spends his time making love to beautiful women while the rest of the Army is on maneuvers. He is familiar with senior officers, shoves all the dirty details on others of his rank, and has the enlisted men wait on him hand and foot. As a result of these fine qualities, everyone loves Lieutenant Harry, and he is forgiven little trespasses like showing up at the POE drunk, dirty, out of uniform, with four or five floozies in tow.

The duties of Lieutenants Harry and Roger are always vague. One minute they are platoon leaders, the next minute they are both aides to the general, or his daughter, and then they are in the cavalry long enough to canter around the park.

Although our lieutenants do all their close order drill on the dance floor when they are Stateside, they wind up the war in a hurry once they are overseas. Since they know that Millicent, the general's lovely daughter, will probably marry the boy who wins the war, victory becomes a personal matter. Lieutenant Roger fights until his blouse is ripped, and Lieutenant Harry wades through fire and shot until his face is dirty.

For a while it looks as though it will be a dead heat, with both boys winning the war and Millicent. But nobody is surprised when the last shot in the war nicks Lieutenant Roger for the count. Roger dies, Millicent cries, Harry sighs, and the war has been won except for the drive across France and the surrender of the German army. Harry goes home with Millicent to become a general, and the rest of the U.S. Army does the necessary mopping-up.

When the authors get down to the enlisted men, the going really gets rough. No matter what kind of book comes out, the same handful of enlisted men are in it, to make the jokes, swear, complain or die. In the literary novels they are all psychopathic, in the adventure novel they are all heroes, in the romance they are all lovers, in the farce they are all comedians, and in the tragedy they all die. But no matter in what guise we meet them, they are old friends, and they are always there. The Kid From Kansas, the comic relief from Brooklyn, the rebel from the South who still wants to continue the Civil War, the sadistic sergeant who hates everybody, and the Negro, Jew, Italian, Irishman, Mormon or Eskimo who thinks everybody is against him because of his race, religion or color.

The sergeant is a grim, cruel, tough, two-fisted fellow who makes the men under him perform dirty, menial tasks like cleaning their rifles when they would much rather be playing cards. The sergeant never eats, sleeps, gets a pass or relaxes. From the moment he gets his stripes he is on the prowl twenty-four



hours a day looking for some enlisted man to torture. He is never without his steel helmet, pistol, pencil and pad, and his vocabulary is limited to profanity and the printable words, "You! Shaddap! Yah! Bah!"

No work of typewriter or camera is complete without The Homesick Kid From Kansas. When this lad appears at camp, he brings with him wide blue eyes,



a butch haircut, a shy, shingle-eating grin, and a firm conviction that no real bullets will be used. The Kid wanders about telling the others how different Army life is from life on the farm in Kansas. He confides that he has joined up to fight for Ma's apple pie and an ice cream soda at the corner drug store. He fights in vain, however, since the pie is sent to Okinawa by mistake, and there are no corner drug stores where his battles are fought.

The main thing about the Kansas Kid is his inability to learn anything. He is the only person in the world who can go through a year of intensive training and come out with his blue eyes as wide and blank as when he started. He never learns the simplest facts of military life, and is vague, dreamy, confused, stupid and homesick from the time he is drafted until he is knocked off.

When other soldiers are playing poker and smoking cigarettes, the Kansas Kid is sitting by himself writing a letter to Mom. When other soldiers are drinking beer and pinching waitresses, the Kansas Kid and his shy smile are over in a corner, where he is adding a few more words to Mom. On the ship, when bombs are dropping from enemy planes, and the other soldiers are wishing they could swim, the Kansas Kid is still writing his letter to Mom. In between explosions he can be heard praising the quality of Mom's pie crusts.

If American farm boys grow up with a sheep dog in one hand and a shotgun in the other, you wouldn't know it from the actions of the Kansas Kid. He goes

into battle gripping his rifle like a baseball bat, and as bombs drop and shells whine, he remarks that it certainly is different from life on the farm in Kansas. When the sergeant yells for everyone to take cover as there is a sniper ahead, the Kansas Kid, a tribute to American training, sticks his noggin in the air to see what sniper the sergeant is talking about. He promptly gets his cerebral fossa ventilated, which, he murmurs in dying, never happened back on the farm in Kansas.

Along with the Kansas Kid there is the comic relief from Brooklyn. He is usually, in picture and story, an ex-cab driver to whom everything bad happens in a funny way. His contribution to the war effort is to face left when the order is to face right, to hit the general in the face with a wet mop, to get lost and go for a hilarious ride through a mine field, and finally spill hot soup down a foreign general's neck. In those books and movies where he is killed, he always manages to pop off with a last chuckle for the reader. Often he will expire with a joke on his lips, such as, "Dem bums got me, and I ain't talkin' about de Dodgers." (Dies).

Every man in uniform who came from below the Mason-Dixon line is being represented in literature by "Reb," the southern soldier who would rather be shot than ride in a General Sherman tank. The other soldiers kid Reb about wearing union suits and make other funny jokes. In return, Reb puts his shoes on backwards, tries to pretend he can read, and goes into action screaming like a high school girl at a basketball game.

Reb is the source of much amusement when he sits around the barracks and wishes for boiled beet hocks and pork greens, but in action he turns out to be the only enlisted man who knows how to fire a rifle. Reb soon helps clean up the enemy army after he is convinced that the gray-clad German Army is not a new Confederate force come to drive Grant out of Richmond. It is Reb who captures General Goering after a chase across Germany. "Shucks," Reb grins as he gets a medal, "twere all a mistake. Ah heerd sumbody yell 'Thar goes Hermann,' and Ah thot he said Sherman."

The last member of the Army or Navy is the lad who comes from a minority group. Everything that happens to him he blames on the fact that his race is not the same as the general's, or he has a different religion from the lieutenant. When this lad is still in the sack forty minutes after reveille, and the sergeant boots him out, he takes it as a sign that the sergeant hates him because of his accent. When he is assigned to dig sanitary trenches, he knows he is being jumped on because of his color. When he has to go into action with the others, he is convinced the officers are trying to get him killed because of his nationality.

This minority representative shuffles and snuffles his way through the war literature until the last shot is fired. Then, as one of his buddies turns and says, "Looks like it's all over," the minority boy's mouth drops open in wonder. "You mean...you...weren't shooting at me!" he exclaims. "Oh, America is the best country in the world, and I am as good

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as anybody else!" As he shouts this the tough sergeant comes over and floors him! "You're three stripes worse than I am," the sergeant growls. "Come on, get busy and clean up these cities you just devastated."

These characters, multiplied several million times, are the stock in trade of most of the people writing war books. They appear in many long, dreary, dirty scenes, weeping, creeping, illiterate and incompetent. Their conversation, to prove them soldiers, is always dull and dirty. "Whud's duh kissin' day?" grunts one. "It's duh twenty-huggin' third of Oct-muggin'-tober," answers the other. And so on for five hundred pages.

I think the answer to these books and movie versions of the war is to write an honest book about the men who fought and won. I might do it myself.

In my book all the officers will have military training, and will seldom take

their sweethearts along on submarine patrols. All the enlisted men in my book will be able to read and write and walk erect. In the end, my American forces are going to win because they had more and better equipment than the enemy, were better trained, fought harder, thought better and faster, and were better fighting men all the way around.

I've been told that I'm wasting my time, and that it's too late to buck the trend. I've been told I can't sell a book that isn't about the Kid from Kansas, the comic relief from Brooklyn, and Lieutenants Roger and Harry. I've been told I must fill my book with obscene talk so it will sound "real."

Well, I won't do it. I won't compromise by using those fake characters, and my conversations are going to sound the way men really talked. Every huggin' word in my kissin' book is going to be the fascinating, loving, hugging, erotic truth.

THE END

SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 8)

sealed in plastic. Why should I wait for Congress to act? Why not urge all good Americans to follow this lead? I'm certain all credit agencies would like the idea. Even the Legion membership card could be changed into a carnet. However, I like this quotation: "Instead of forming committees and planning investigations to solve the housing problem, the birds are building nests." This can be applied here without waiting for Congress to act.

Wm. Rueter, Jr.

Yakima, Washington

and rattlesnakes. I imagine these girls do also.

Sorry to be so critical but mining is a serious business.

Mrs. O. Wilkinson

San Francisco, Calif.

THE 1949 HOLLYWOOD

I scanned with a great deal of interest your article in the May issue by R. E. Combs titled *How Communists Make Stooges Out of Movie Stars*.

It contains some very readable material. But I don't think it is entirely fair to the Hollywood of today. The article is a pretty good report of the situation in 1947. But this is 1949! Unfortunately the article makes no recognition of the tremendous progress that has been accomplished in the anti-communist fight in Hollywood in the past couple of years. For instance, the article features a picture of Herb Sorrell, head of the C.S.U., captioned, "He Has A Remarkable Ability To Follow The Line Of Stalin's Favorite Party." But nowhere in the article is any mention made of the smashing triumph over Sorrell achieved by Roy Brewer, anti-communist leader of the A.F.L. Film Council, who in the past couple of years has emerged as one of the industry's top labor leaders. Nor does the article take note of the great success won within the Screen Writers' Guild in the last couple of years by the middle-of-the-rovers. Nor does it give proper recognition to how far the stars themselves have advanced in meeting and beating Commie-front activities.

I think you would be pleasantly surprised at what a good job is being done by patriotic Hollywood individuals and organizations in so rapidly rendering out-of-date some of the material highlighted in your May article. In fewer words, the article is excellent in many respects — but doesn't tell the 1949 story. So I am taking the liberty of passing along a few of these additional facts, which may be of interest to you.

Art Arthur

Beverly Hills, Calif.

PROSPECTOR'S NOT A HAPPY LIFE

Re Robert M. Hyatt's article in the July issue *They're Striking it Rich in the Mojave*. It seems to me Mr. Hyatt didn't learn much about his subject for one who stayed five weeks in Johannesburg, California.

The subject is misleading because it does not state facts. It sounds very good to the reader to hear someone has taken out \$50,000 in ore but if it cost him \$51,000 to get the ore out, the deal isn't so good. Such things happen often and there are far more failures than successes among mining ventures in the Mojave Desert.

The pictures of the attractive Mrs. Knight and the unnamed young lady are enough to make any would-be prospector head straight for the desert, but again they do not show the true picture. When I'm in the desert I wear heavy jeans and boots to protect my legs against scratches

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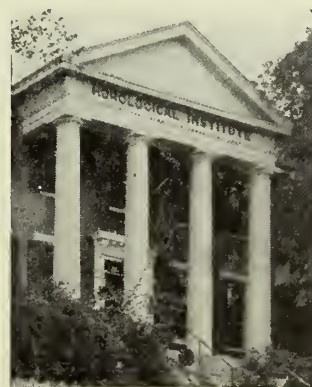
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Parting Shots

GOOD SAMARITAN

What's happened to old Atlas?
He took it on the "lam",
And left his world-supporting job
To good old Uncle Sam.

— BY F. G. KERNAN

USELESS ADVICE

Discussing his tennis technique, a stout, amiable, bald man panted, "My brain immediately barks out a command to my body. *Run forward speedily!* it says, *start right away! Slam the ball gracefully over the net, then walk slowly back.*"

"And then what happens?" he was asked.

"And then," replied the bald man, "my body says, WHO, ME?"

— BY ALETHA WHALEY

PICNIC SITES

The earth is bare beneath that pine,
And hotter than the deuce.
I see a poison ivy vine
Too near that spreading spruce.
The oak? A boulder interferes;
So let's select this ash;
It's here we ate in other years;
I recognize our trash.

— BY WILLIAM W. PRATT

KEEN MISUNDERSTANDING

Our idea is that men and women don't understand each other. Especially in the early years of their married life. This is something that should be corrected. A married person, especially the female of the species, never says what she means and life must be lived accordingly.

We are attaching herewith a liberal and literal translation of the things that are said after the husband comes home from work. Study the actual dialogue and its

translation in the parentheses. Understand it and you will live happily ever after.

"I'm tired tonight, dear." (Help me with the dishes.)

"The car was acting up today." (I hit a water plug.)

"My but prices are high." (I need more money.)

"How's your new secretary?" (You'd better not show too much interest.)

"What do you want for dinner, dear?" (You're getting eggs.)

"The maid didn't show up today." (Roll up your sleeves, buddy.)

"The bank called." (I overdrew the checking account again.)

"Mother was asking about you." (She's coming for a visit.)

"You're her favorite son-in-law." (She's going to live with us.)

"Those cigars smell good." (Why don't you quit smoking?)

"Alcohol is very harmful." (Why don't you quit drinking?)

"You're very quiet tonight, dear." (Did something go wrong, huh?)

"Why don't you say something?" (Now you're afraid to talk.)

"Cat get your tongue?" (Afraid you'll give yourself away, eh?)

"Oh, you want to read?" (I'm wise to you.)

"In that case I'll go to bed." (I know the answer.)

"Goodnight, dear." (I'll have that blonde fired tomorrow.)

— BY L. J. HUBER

A MAN AND A MAID

Since the seats of new cars
Are built wider and wider,
What's become of the thrill
When you squeezed in beside 'er?

— BY EMILY I. ALLEMAN

MODERN WOMEN

What once was lack of chivalry is now
known as equality.

— BY REX PETERSON

COLLECT BEFORE DELIVERY

It is a proved theory than successful men are likely to show resourcefulness at an early age. This story concerns a wealthy man who, when he was a boy, walked into a farmer's melon patch and asked the price of a fine big fruit.

"That's 40 cents," said the farmer.

"I have only 4 cents," the boy told him.

"Well," smiled the farmer and winked at his hired hand as he pointed to a very small and very green melon, "how about that one?"

"Fine. I'll take it," the boy said, "but don't cut it off the vine yet. I'll call for it in a week or so."

— BY TOBY WEEMS

MUD

It messes up the new-washed car.
It keeps the golfer over par.
It spatters out from road to curbs.
Evoking walkers' choicest verbs.
It sticks to shoes, and with each stride
Comes off upon the rugs inside.
Then, when it dries, as dry it must,
It troubles us again as dust.

— BY RICHARD ARMOUR

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

"Doc, I get awful pains when I bend over, put my hands below my knees, straighten up and bring them above my waist."

"Well, why make such silly movements, then?"

"Silly, my eye! How else do you think I can get my pants on?"

— BY HENRY A. COURTNEY

TRY NOT TO!

A man wouldn't be so handy if he didn't stay around the house.

— BY A. A. LATTIMER

THIS NEVER HAPPENED

With a grim look the customer settled himself down in the barber's chair and let the man put the towel around him.

"Before we start," he said curtly, "I know the weather is terrible, I don't know anything about the races, I don't care who wins the next big fight, and I'm aware that I'm getting thin on top — but it suits me. Now get on with it."

"Well, sir," replied the barber, "if it's all the same to you, I'll be able to concentrate on cutting your hair better if you don't talk so much!"

— BY BRAD CRANDALL

OLD ONES — NO DOUBT

There are two kinds of dances: the formal kind and the kind at which you wear your own clothes.

— BY T. J. MCINERNEY



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SAYS *PAT O'Brien*
co-starring in "The Bail-bond Story," an RKO Production

"My home town of Milwaukee," says Pat O'Brien,
"is also the home town of America's finest
premium beers. Naturally, folks who live
there have their choice of the best. And, of them
all, my favorite is Blatz, Milwaukee's finest beer!"

Yes—official figures show that Blatz is the
largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all
Wisconsin! Try Blatz Beer, today!



Pat O'Brien's trophy room is filled with priceless mementos from
the world of sports. "And," says Pat, "the refrigerator is always
amply stocked with Blatz."



Take a tip from Pat O'Brien. Ask for Blatz, Milwaukee's finest
beer, at your favorite club, tavern, restaurant, hotel, package
store or neighborhood grocer's.



**Blatz is Milwaukee's
First Bottled Beer!**